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THE HISTORIAN PRESCOTT.

We fulfill a duty to the public in engraving on this page a bust of the late William H. Prescott, the historian; and we subjoin, in connection with the portrait, an engraving of the mechanical contrivance by the aid of which that eminent man overcame the infirmity of blindness, and continued, under circumstances of extraordinary difficulty, to compose works which will live as long as our language exists.

William H. Prescott was born at Boston, Massachusetts, in 1796. His father was an eminent Massachusetts lawyer, who filled various State offices with credit and honor, leaving at his death so ample a fortune that his son never required to concern himself about money. The grandfather of the historian was the famous Colonel Prescott, whose name is inseparably connected with the glorious battle of Bunker Hill. Another grandfather fought on the British side in that dire conflict; a sailor, commanding a British vessel, he spent the day in shelling and bombarding the American position. It is to these two men that Thackeray refers in the opening lines of the "Virginians," where he says:

> "On the library wall of one of the most famous writers of America there hang two cross swords, which his relatives wore in the great War of Independence. The one sword was gallantly drawn in the service of the king; the other was the weapon of a brave and honored republican soldier. The possessor of the harmless trophy has earned for himself a name alike honored in his ancestor's country and his own, where genius such as his has always a peaceful welcome."

William H. Prescott was intended for the bar, and was educated with care; he graduated at Harvard at the age of nineteen, in 1814. Unhappily, a fellow-student, who carelessly threw a hard crust of bread across a room at him, accidentally deprived one of his eyes of sight; the misfortune induced him to abandon the career he had chosen, and he resolved to devote himself to letters. Shortly after he attained manhood he went abroad, and spent many years in close study, occasionally diversifying his labors by the composition of a critical essay for a Boston periodical, and devoting so much time to reading and writing that he brought on a disease of his remaining eye. Inflammation set in, and necessity compelled him to give the diseased organ entire repose. Even then he could not abandon his darling pursuit. He engaged secretaries familiar with various languages, and read and wrote with other men's eyes. In 1837 his first great work, the "History of Ferdinand and Isabella," was ready for the press. With what labor and at what cost this and his subsequent works were composed the following well-known passage from his writings sufficiently explains:

> "I obtained the services of a reader whose acquaintance with modern and ancient tongues supplied, so far as it could be supplied, the deficiency of eyesight on my part. But, though in this way I could examine various authorities, it was not easy to arrange in my mind the results of my reading, drawn from different and often contradictory accounts. To do this I dictated copious notes as I went along; and when I had read enough for a chapter—from thirty to forty, and sometimes fifty, pages in length—I had a mass of memoranda in my own language which would easily bring before me at one view the fruits of my researches. Those notes were carefully read to me; and while my recent studies were fresh in my recollection I ran over the whole of my intended chapter in my mind. This process I repeated at least half a dozen times, so that when I finally put my pen to paper it ran off pretty glibly, for it was an effort of memory rather than creation. This method had the advantage of saving me from the perplexity of frequently referring to the scattered passages in the originals, and it enabled me to make the corrections in my own mind which are usually made in the manuscript, and which with my mode of writing—as I shall explain—would have much embarrassed me. Yet I must admit that this method of composition, when the chapter was very long, was somewhat too heavy a strain on the memory to be altogether recommended.
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> "Writing presented me a difficulty even greater than reading. Thierry, the famous blind historian of the Norman Conquest, advised me to cultivate dictation; but I have usually preferred a substitute that I found in a writing-case made for the blind, which I procured in London forty years since. It is a simple apparatus, often described by me for the benefit of persons whose vision is imperfect. It consists of a frame of the size of a sheet of paper, traversed by brass wires as many as lines are wanted on the page, and with a sheet of carbonated paper, such as is used for getting duplicates, pasted on the reverse side. With an ivory or agate stylus the writer traces his characters between the wires on the carbonated sheet, making indelible marks, which he can not see, on the white page below. This tread-mill operation has its defects; and I have repeatedly supposed I had accomplished a good page, and was proceeding in all the glow of composition to go ahead, when I found I had forgotten to insert a sheet of my writing paper below, that my labor had been all thrown away, and that the leaf looked as blank as myself. Notwithstanding these and other whimsical distresses of the kind, I have found my writing-case my best friend in my lonely hours, and with it have written nearly all that I have sent into the world the last forty years.
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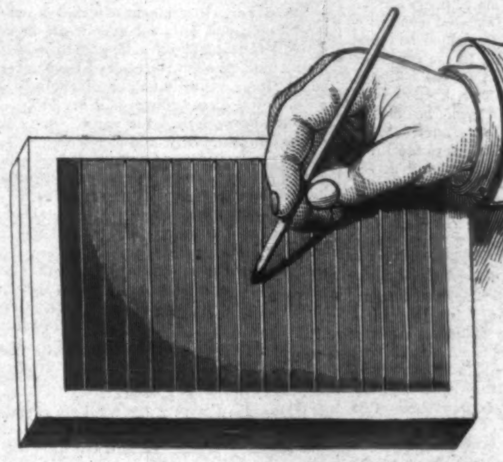
> "The manuscript thus written and deciphered—for it was in the nature of hieroglyphics—by my secretary was then read to me for correction, and copied off in a fair hand for the printer."



MR. PRESCOTT'S WRITING-CASE.

The accompanying engraving, for which we are indebted to the manager of the New York Blind Asylum, will enable the reader to realize the method by which Mr. Prescott composed his works.

The success of "Ferdinand and Isabella" was instantaneous and decisive. The most distinguished literary and historical institutes and academies hastened to enroll him among their members, and the capacity of the printers was taxed to the utmost to supply the demand for the book, not only in this country and in England, but in France, Germany, and Spain, in each of which countries translations appeared shortly after the publication of the original.

Five years elapsed before Mr. Prescott again appeared before the public as an author. In 1843 he brought out his "History of the Conquest of Mexico," the crowning work on that interesting subject; and, seduced by the attractive field, in 1847 the Messrs. Harper produced his "History of the Conquest of Peru." These two works added to the fame he had won by his "Ferdinand and Isabella." Both are established classics.

Thus naturally forced into the closest study of Spanish history, Mr. Prescott selected as his next theme the great reign of Philip the Second of Spain. This work, which he leaves incomplete, was intended to be less a history of the monarch whose title it bears, or even of the court of which he was the head, than a comprehensive view of the active and stirring age in which he lived, and in which he was so conspicuous a personage. The first volume was published in 1855, the third a few weeks ago; the remaining volumes will, no doubt, be finished by some stranger.

Mr. Prescott enjoyed remarkable advantages. His wealth enabled him to disregard those debasing considerations of lucre which paralyze so many fine minds. Very few of his works, profitable as they have proved, yielded him enough to reimburse the cost of his material. His rank and hereditary distinction introduced him at once to the best society of Europe, and gave him access to sources of information which men of obscurer origin might have sighed for in vain. The archives of all the courts of Europe were laid open to him; the ablest and most learned men of the old continent were only too happy to lay the treasures of their knowledge at his feet. He composed his works with the amplest material before him; and his concern for pecuniary considerations was so slight that he always had his works printed privately for his own reading before he gave them to the publisher.

Mr. Prescott was married a generation since, and leaves a widow and three children, two of whom are married. Of his inner life one who knew him well writes as follows in the New York *Herald:*

> "Mr. Prescott's earlier studies were pursued at the mansion house of his father in Bedford Street, a stately edifice filled with reminiscences of the olden time. It was such a house as is rarely seen in America, and was admirably suited to the requirements of a literary recluse. Our historian was married early in life, and afterward set up his own establishment, a fine house in Beacon Street, overlooking the Boston Common. Here his days flowed on in diligent attention to his literary pursuits. Fame, wealth, and honors came to him; children smiled around his board. His lines were cast in pleasant places. It was his to appreciate the calm tranquillity described by the poet:
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> "'Sed nil dulcius est bene quam munita tenere
> Edita doctrina sapientum templa serena
> Despicere, unde queas alios passimque videre
> Errare, atque viam palanteis quærere vitæ.'
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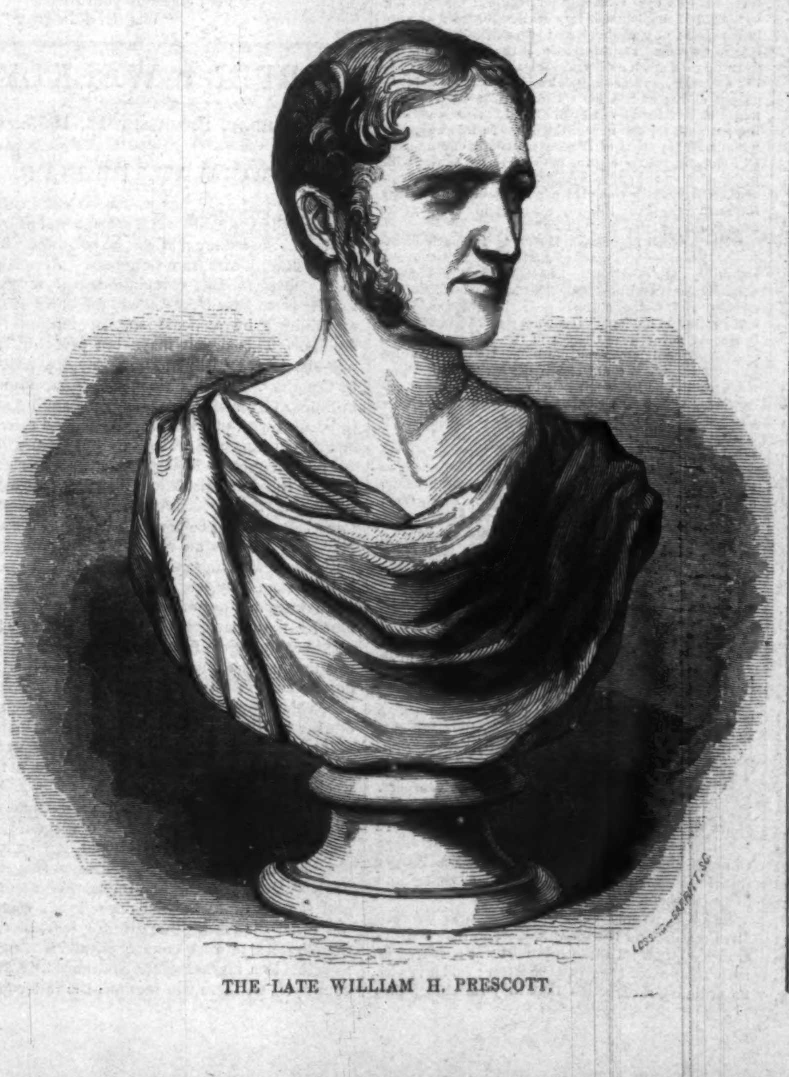
> "In addition to the Boston house he had the old family estate at Pepperell and a marine cottage at Nahant, and divided his time between the three residences. His temper was pleasant and equable; he was a gentleman by nature as well as by birth and education. Like nearly all our first-class men, Mr. Prescott held himself entirely aloof from political or even local affairs. But for the matter of paying his taxes he might as well have lived in Florence as in Boston—in Italy as in Massachusetts. In truth, he was chiefly in the Escurial, in spirit if not in body."

It gives us pleasure to be able to add to the above meagre notice the following very interesting letter, addressed to the Messrs. Harper by the Rev. Mr. Milburn, better known as the "blind preacher." We have reason to know that a common misfortune had generated a more than ordinary sympathy between the elegant and wealthy historian and the eloquent preacher. Mr. Prescott would constantly—to those who complimented him on the perseverance with which he surmounted the difficulties of his position—refer to Mr. Milburn, as an example of greater difficulties overcome, under circumstances far more trying. Mr. Milburn writes:

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS:

"Gentlemen,—Happening to be in Boston on Wednesday last, I called to pay my respects to Mr. Prescott. Forgetting his hours, I reached the door at five minutes past one, when I learned from the servant that, as was his custom, he had left the house as the clock struck one, to take his daily walk. I called again after tea, and was shown into the library, the gathering-place for the family at that hour. This beautiful room is, after the fashion of Boston houses, on the second floor, in the rear of the drawing-rooms; it is, perhaps, thirty feet long, by twenty wide; at the western end there is a large bow window, over which are suspended the swords worn by the grandfathers of Mr. and Mrs. Prescott, at the battle of Bunker Hill. Colonel Prescott commanding the American forces, and Mrs. Prescott's grandfather, Captain Linzee, commanding the sloop *Falcon*, engaged in throwing shells upon the American redoubts. By the two long walls of the room are arranged handsome cases, I think of maple, on which are shelved about 5000 volumes of well-selected and handsomely bound books. On the left side of the room, as you face the window, a door is painted in exact imitation of shelves with books, so that the visitor is startled when it is pushed aside for the historian to enter. This door opens upon a staircase, which leads to the room above, his workshop, as he called it, where his labors were performed. Surmounting the cases, at appropriate intervals, are busts; among them, as I remember, those of Scott and Byron, which he particularly prized. On the tables are many choice and exquisite volumes, presentation copies from literary friends abroad and at home. One shelf of the library, he told me, was its most expensive and important feature, as it contained the transcripts of documents in the Royal Archives of Simancas and Madrid, made for him there; arranged in a large number of volumes handsomely bound; and which had then (for this was several years ago) cost him over five thousand dollars. The room throughout is furnished in perfect taste, and is at the same time the perfection of



THE LATE WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

comfort; a characteristic of the libraries of the gentlemen of Boston.

"Mr. Prescott's house is filled with engravings, pictures, busts, statuettes, and medallions, the tokens of admiring regard from friends in every part of Europe and North and South America. Behind the door, in the hall, hangs a full-length portrait of Hernando Cortéz, in full armor; and on the opposite wall is a striking likeness of Philip II., both copies of originals, sent him by friends, the first from Mexico, the other from Spain.

"On the evening in question, Wednesday, January 26, Mr. Prescott entered the library with a slower and heavier step than when I had been in the habit of seeing him years before; but his manner had the same unaffected simplicity and cordial warmth. Whether a stranger would have perceived it I can not say, but my ear, sharpened by necessity, at once detected the work of paralysis in an occasional thickening of the speech. I mean a difficulty in perfect articulation now and then. Among his very first inquiries was a particular one concerning the members of your own firm; your health, the state and prospects of your business, etc., manifesting the deepest interest; adding the remark that, through all the years of his business and personal connection with your firm, he had never experienced any thing but the greatest kindness and consideration at your hands; that his enjoyment of your success was undiminished, and that he felt particularly grateful for the kindly mention which had been made of his personal affliction last year in your paper, and for the handsome notice of the third volume of his Philip II. in the current number of your Magazine.

"He then proceeded to a mention of various mutual friends that had passed away since our last meeting; especially of the Hon. Abbot Lawrence, and Francis C. Gray, Esq., at whose dinner tables we had often met; and then of some of his surviving friends, especially of George Ticknor, Esq., who, he said, had shortened and brightened what, but for him, must have been many a sad and weary hour; and of Mr. Agassiz, concerning whose museum he expressed the liveliest interest. He remarked that the eyes of the latter had suffered greatly from his work, and that he would be sadly balked in his prospects, but that he was able to find relief in manifold manipulating labors. This led him naturally to speak of his own and my infirmity, which were about equal in degree; and of the different lives we had led; his, of a retired study, mine, of travel and active toil.

"He added: 'I suppose that Ticknor will never write another book; but he has been doing perhaps better for the community and posterity by devoting himself for several years to the interests of the Boston City Library, which may be taken in good part as his work—and a more valuable contribution to the good of the people has seldom been made. It is a rare thing for such an institution to get a man so rarely qualified by taste, knowledge, and accomplishment to look after its interests with such energy and patience.'

"Of Mr. Gray he observed: 'Poor Gray! I think he was the most remarkable man I ever knew for variety and fullness of information, and a perfect command of it. He was a walking encyclopedia. I have seen many men who had excellent memories, provided you would let them turn to their libraries to get the information you wanted; but no matter on what subject you spoke to him, his knowledge was at his fingers' ends, and entirely at your service.'

"He then led the conversation to his English friends, to some of whom he had given me letters on my recent visit to that country. He first spoke of Lady Lyell, the wife of the celebrated geologist. 'She is one of the most charming people I have ever seen,' he said. 'When she married Sir Charles she knew nothing of geology; but finding that her life was to be passed among stones, she set herself to work to make friends of them, and has done so to perfection. She is in thorough sympathy with all her husband's researches and works; is the companion of his journeys; oftentimes his amanuensis, for her hand has written several of his books; and the delight and cheer of his whole life. Unaffected, genial, accomplished, and delightful to an almost unequaled extent, she is one of the rarest women you can meet. And,' he continued, 'you saw my friend, Dean Millman. What an admirable person he is! I had a letter from him only a day or two since, in which he gave an interesting account of the opening of his cathedral, St. Paul's, to the popular Sunday evening preachings—a matter which has enlisted all the sympathies of the Bishop of London and of himself. He has been a prodigiously hard worker, and so has acquired a prematurely old look. Accomplished as historian, divine, poet, and man of letters, he is at the same time among the most agreeable and finished men of society I saw in England.

"'Did you see Dean Trench?' he proceeded. Upon my replying in the affirmative, he added: 'I am sorry never to have seen him; I have heard such pleasant things concerning him. He did me the favor some time since to send me his *Calderon*, which I enjoyed greatly.' Replying in the negative to my inquiry as to whether he had read the Dean's books on *Words*, etc., he said, 'They shall be the very next books I read.'

"'England's a glorious country,' he said; 'isn't it? What a hearty and noble people they are, and how an American's heart warms toward them after he has been there once and found them out in their hospitable homes!'

"I said: 'Mr. Prescott, arn't you coming to New York? We should all be very glad to see you there.' 'No,' he replied; 'I suppose that the days of my long journeys are over. I must content myself, like Horace, with my three houses. You know I go at the commencement of summer to my cottage by the sea-side at Lynn Beach; and at autumn to my patrimonial acres at Pepperell, which has been in our family for two hundred years, to sit under the old trees I sat under when a boy; and then, with winter, come to town to hibernate in this house. This is the only traveling, I suppose, that I shall do until I go to my long home. Do you remember the delightful summer you spent with us at Lynn, two or three years ago? I wish you would come and repeat it next summer.'

"In another part of the conversation he said: 'These men with eyes have us at a serious disadvantage, haven't they? While they run, we can only limp. But I have nothing to complain of, nor have you; Providence has singularly taken care of us both, and by compensation keeps the balance even.'

"He then spoke with entire calmness of the shock which his system had received from his first stroke of apoplexy last year; said that it had weakened him a good deal, but was very grateful that he was yet enabled to enjoy life and work. That he was able to take exercise, although confined to a spare diet, and not allowed to touch meat or any thing of a stimulative kind; and managed, moreover, to keep up his literary labors. 'I have always made my literary pursuits,' he said, 'a pleasure rather than a toil; and hope to do so with the remainder of Philip, as I am yet able to work two or three, and sometimes more, hours a day.' He stated that his eye had suffered considerably from the blow, and while we talked he found it necessary to shade his face. In the course of the conversation we were joined by the ladies of the family, Mrs. Prescott, her sister, his daughter, and daughter-in-law. He then spoke in glowing and grateful terms, as I alluded to the interest taken in his health throughout the country, to the kindness which he had invariably experienced at the hands of his countrymen. 'I can never,' he said, 'be sufficiently grateful for the tokens of esteem, regard, and affection which I have had from them through all the years of my literary career. True, it makes me feel like an old man to see my fifteen volumes upon the shelf, but my heart is as young as it ever was to enjoy the love which the country has ever shown me.' When I said it was a cheering thing for a man to know he had given so much happiness as he had done by his books, he said that it was his own truest happiness to trust that he had been able to confer it. He said he hoped to live to finish Philip, which was now three-fifths done. As I bade him good-by, I said, 'God bless you, Mr. Prescott; I know I breathe the prayer of the country when I say may your life be spared for many years, to add volume after volume to the fifteen.' He rejoined, 'My greatest delight is the love of my friends and their appreciation of my labors.'

"Little did I think that the hand which so warmly grasped mine as he led me down the stairs would, ere eight-and-forty hours were past, be cold and stiff in death. Peace to the memory of one of the sweetest and noblest men that ever lived!

"Yours very truly,
"WILLIAM H. MILBURN."

From an obituary notice pronounced before the Historical Society, by the Hon. George Bancroft, we extract the following interesting particulars respecting Mr. Prescott's personal habits:

> "His habits were methodically exact; retiring early and ever at the same hour, he rose early alike in winter and in summer at the appointed moment, rousing himself instantly, though in the soundest sleep, at the first note of his alarm bell; never giving indulgence to lassitude or delay. To the hours which he gave to his pursuits he adhered as scrupulously as possible, never lightly suffering them to be interfered with; now listening to his reader; now dictating what was to be written; now using his own eyes sparingly for reading; now writing by the aid of simple machinery devised for those who are in darkness; now passing time in thoughtfully revolving his great theme. For this reason, at the period of his life when he rode much on horseback—and he was an excellent and fearless rider—it was his choice and his habit to go out alone; and in his stated exercise on foot, you might be sure that, when by himself, his mind was shaping out work for the rest of the day. In this way, systematic in his mode of life, he proceeded onward, and still onward, till the eyes of the world were turned with admiration on the genial scholar, who, with placid calmness, courageously trampled appalling difficulty under foot, and gained the first place among his countrymen as the historic instructor of mankind.
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> "His personal appearance itself was singularly pleasing, and won for him every where in advance a welcome and favor. His countenance had something that brought to mind 'the beautiful disdain' that hovers on that of the Apollo. But, while he was high-spirited, he was tender and gentle and humane. His voice was like music, and one could never hear enough of it. His cheerfulness reached and animated all about him. He could indulge in playfulness, and could also speak earnestly and profoundly; but he knew not how to be ungracious or pedantic. In truth, the charms of his conversation were unequaled, he so united the rich stores of memory with the ease of one who is familiar with the world.
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> "In his friendships he was most faithful; true to them always; true to the last; never allowing his confidence to be so much as ruffled by the noisy clamors of calumny, or by rivalry, or by differences of opinion. In the management of his affairs he was prudent and considerate; in his expenditures liberal to all about him, and to those in want, ever largely generous, having an open hand, but doing good without observation. His affections rested early and happily on the congenial object of his choice, and the rosy light of his youth, never dimmed by a cloud, went with him all his way through life."

It will not unnaturally be expected that this journal should contain some allusion to the business relations which subsisted for so many years between Mr. Prescott and Messrs. Harper & Brothers. Mr. Prescott's first work, the "History of Ferdinand and Isabella," was originally published in Boston. His succeeding histories—"The Conquest of Mexico," and "The Conquest of Peru"—bore, from the first, the imprint of the Harpers. Some years after the appearance of the latter work offers so advantageous, apparently, were made to Mr. Prescott by a Boston house, for the privilege of publishing his works, that the Messrs. Harper coincided with his other friends in advising him to accept them.

So pleasant had been the intercourse between Mr. Prescott and the Messrs. Harper, that the severance of their business relations was a source of more than usual regret to the latter; and it is with no ordinary satisfaction that they remember that these feelings were shared by the illustrious historian.

The Messrs. Harper believe that at the present moment, when so much interest attaches to every thing relating to Mr. Prescott, they are violating no confidence in publishing the following letters, which it is needless to remark would never have seen the light so long as their writer lived:

"LYNN, *July* 19, 1854.

"*Messrs. Harper & Brothers:*

"DEAR SIRS,—I duly received yours of the 10th instant, and read its contents with sincere regret, as it announced to me the dissolution of the business relations that have so long subsisted between us. I should have replied sooner, but I have been unavoidably delayed in bringing my arrangements with the other house to a close; and I thought it was better to settle every point definitely with my new associates before communicating again with you.

"I have arranged with them for the publication of my new history of 'Philip the Second,' and for that of the former histories simultaneously.

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"And now allow me to say this is one of the most unpleasant letters I ever wrote in my life, since it is to break off a long and pleasant intercourse with friends with whom I have never interchanged any words but those of kindness and regard. And these feelings will not be lessened, I am sure, between us. For you will have the candor to admit that it would be too great a sacrifice of my interests for me to decline proposals which secure to me the certain payment of fifty thousand dollars, independently of the usual copyright on the sales of the octavo editions of the old histories.

"As I dislike mysteries, I should mention the name of the house, but this I have been requested not to do for the present.

"Believe me, my dear Sirs,
"Very sincerely yours,
"WM. H. PRESCOTT."

A year afterward Mr. Prescott again wrote:

"LYNN, *July* 24, 1855.

"*Messrs. Harper & Brothers:*

"DEAR SIRS,—* * * * * * I am entering on a new enterprise in my arrangements with the Boston house. How it will turn out time will show. But whether well or ill, I can not forget the long and pleasant relations I have had with you, in which the good understanding that should subsist between author and publisher has not been interrupted for a moment. Every year of our connection has confirmed me in the opinion I had early formed of the high and honorable character of your house, for every member of which I beg to express sentiments of the most sincere regard.

"Believe me, dear Sirs,
"Very truly your friend,
"WM. H. PRESCOTT."

And again, in Mr. Prescott's last letter to the Messrs. Harper, he says:

"BOSTON, *March* 1, 1858.

"*Messrs. Harper & Brothers:*

"DEAR SIRS,—* * * * * It is most grateful to *my* feelings to find that our long—and, to me at least, most agreeable—intercourse, has left such pleasant impressions upon you; and I cordially reciprocate your good wishes by expressing those which I have ever felt for your prosperity and happiness.

"Believe me, gentlemen,
"Very sincerely your friend,
"WM. H. PRESCOTT."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1859.

THE WOLF AT THE DOOR.

THE act of 1858 has now been exhausted, and the United States Government has borrowed all the money that can be borrowed without fresh authority from Congress. According to the most reliable calculations, the revenue for the fiscal year 1858–'59 will fall short of the expenditure by at least sixteen millions of dollars. This deficit may—but probably will not—be increased by any extra appropriations by Congress. It does not include some twenty millions of Treasury notes now outstanding and to be forthwith provided for either by a reissue or by the passage of an act funding them.

Some members of Congress, and some members of the Administration likewise, appear to think that the Government revenue from customs is increasing fast enough to supply the deficiency. This is an error. This spring the merchants are importing very heavily, more heavily than they ever did before. This policy of theirs grows out of the stagnation of 1858. During that year every merchant expected his neighbor to import freely, and the consequence was that no one imported at all. Now the importers rush into the opposite extreme. Every one, calculating on the want of goods throughout the country, and on the probable abstinence of his neighbor, is importing to the extent of his means; the consequence is, that in a few weeks this market will be glutted.

But a successful trade implies a demand for as well as a supply of goods. No adequate demand for foreign merchandise can now be reasonably expected. New York, as a rule, has two great markets for her imports—the South and the West. The one depends on cotton, the other on corn. Experience teaches that the Western or corn country is, at least, twice as valuable a market as the Southern or cotton country. Of these two sections the latter only can now be relied on as a market for New York imports. The South is rich, and can afford to buy. To the extent of the necessities of the Southern country, a demand for foreign merchandise may reasonably be anticipated. But with regard to the West no such expectation can be entertained. The West is at the present moment largely indebted to the East. Western merchants, as a rule, have no means to invest in foreign merchandise. Every Western store-keeper is crippled by bad debt due to him by farmers. Under ordinary circumstances Western merchants might fairly expect to obtain a fresh supply of goods by mortgaging their real estate in favor of New York merchants or Western bankers; but the peculiar condition of the West, the insane speculations which prevailed in that region between 1850 and 1857, and the speculative value set on real property of all kinds, will probably deprive Western men of this resource. Nearly all the property in the West is already mortgaged for more than it would command if brought to the hammer. Furthermore, the legislation of various Western States, especially in reference to farm mortgages, is not calculated to induce prudent men to advance money on any pledge of real estate in that section of country. Several cities in the West have openly hoisted the flag of repudiation, and in at least one State the farmers who deliberately mortgaged their property to secure certain public bonds, have banded themselves together in a sort of ribbon association for the purpose of evading payment of claims than which nothing could be more lawfully binding on them. All this is not calculated to encourage people to lend their money or to deliver their goods on the faith of Western bonds and mortgages.

We infer, therefore, on the whole, considering the prevailing poverty of the West, and the difficulties (arising from excessive speculation and loose commercial morality) which stand in the way of the successful negotiation of Western mortgage bonds, that the Western market can not be expected to absorb any substantial share of the foreign imports of 1858. And it follows, as a matter of course, that if the early importers of this spring find that they can not sell their goods to good advantage, the importations will fall off, and the customs revenue will decline accordingly.

We are a people of extremes. We seem destined to oscillate perpetually between indigence and luxury, plethora and bankruptcy, excessive speculation and absolute inanition. In the spring of 1857 the importations of the United States would have sufficed for sixty millions of people. In the spring and fall of 1858, the importations did not exceed the average wants of the people of the State of New York. In the spring of 1859 we shall again import enough for fifty or sixty millions of consumers of foreign produce. In the fall of the year, according to present appearances, we shall again cease to take any thing from abroad.

All which shows clearly enough that if Congress and the Government rely on the increased receipts from the Customs to supply the deficiency in the revenue, they will be disappointed—an extra session will be needed, and the Government will at last be compelled to borrow at great disadvantage.

A PLEA FOR HOOPS.

WE have from time to time made room in the news columns of this journal for attacks from various quarters upon the prevailing feature of ladies' dress. Now the assault has come from a Roman Catholic bishop in Europe, who, according to the custom of such functionaries, has simply announced that all wearers of hoops would be doomed to an unusually hot station in another and a worse world. Sometimes it has been a presbytery or a congregation of Protestant sectarians in the West which has denied the communion to wearers of hoops. Clergymen of all sects have preached against hoops. Social philosophers have eloquently denounced them. Foreign journals, from the *Times* and *Punch* down to the nondescript publications for very popular reading, have abused them in all manner of ways, in polite and in coarse language, in verse and in prose, in good and in bad grammar. We have ourselves received several dozen communications of various merit, assailing the fashion of wearing hoops, and overwhelming the wearers with terrible sarcasm and vituperation.

In the face of all the storm of raillery and abuse which hoops have aroused throughout the world, the use of them steadily increases. Mr. Thomson, who is probably the largest American manufacturer, informs us that his orders steadily increase from week to week. No lady ventures abroad without them, and even the scrubbing women wear them when their work is done. There must be something in their favor, or they would not have prevailed in the teeth of such a fierce opposition as they have encountered.

For our part we are free to confess that, in our opinion, the hoop fashion is, in point of elegance and usefulness, one of the best fashions that ever was adopted by the daughters of Eve. The old Latin saw warns us that it is not prudent to discuss matters of taste, which are subject to no fixed canon, and can be decided by no established precedent. But we may observe that, for the last forty years, mankind has required a certain expansion in female skirts. Rightly or wrongly, the esthetic eye requires that the female figure shall be broader at the base than at any other point; and this is impossible without expanded skirts. Before the invention of hoops the desired effect was attained by the multiplication of skirts, which, as every lady remembers, were unwieldy, inconvenient, expensive, and unhealthy. Hoops superseded these, providing the requisite expansion without either inconveniencing the wearer or endangering her health. They achieve the purpose which was formerly sought by heaping skirt on skirt; and they do no mischief.

It is much easier to laugh at hoops than to invent a substitute for them, or prove their uselessness. Certainly, according to the prevailing notions of the beautiful, a woman without hoops, with garments clinging to her person, and exposing, in the wind, the contour of every limb, is neither gracefully nor delicately attired. As to moral considerations, it is difficult to discover what they have to do with hoops. The priests, bishops, and presbyters who have denounced hoops as sinful were doubtless prepared with arguments to make good their position: it is to be regretted that they kept their reasoning to themselves. Awkward girls with ill-made skirts may wear hoops to disadvantage; but really, when one hears of grave men blushing at the shocking consequences of the hoop, one involuntarily recalls Tartuffe's exclamation,

> "Couvrez ce sein que je ne saurais voir!"

The verdict of truly ladylike women is, that hoops, properly worn, save their modesty far more than the former style of dress.

Hoops have been accused of causing accidents by fire, and increasing the mortality among females from colds and consumption. These are objections which are well-founded. Wearers of hoops must exercise more caution in approaching fires than they used to do before hoops were worn; and ladies attired in the prevailing fashion must adopt proper means of protecting themselves against cold. But, after all, these are simple matters. Flannel is not beyond the reach of ordinary purses; and it is giving our women little credit for common sense to say that they can not help sticking their skirts in the fire. If these objections be weighed in the balance against the obvious advantages of the hoop fashion—in respect of health, elegance, economy, and comfort—there can be no question but the advantages will carry the day.

AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP AND FOREIGN DESPOTISM.

WE are glad to see, at last, that Senator Pugh, of Ohio, has called for the correspondence between our Minister to Berlin and the State Department in reference to the compulsory enlistment of United States citizens in the Prussian army.

We believe that this journal was the first to call for an inquiry into this subject. We had evidence before us that Prussian officials were not only in the habit of impressing American citizens who had had the misfortune to have been born Prussians, and to return to Prussia on a visit after their naturalization here; they not unfrequently dared to kidnap American citizens of Prussian birth in adjoining States. Under these circumstances we inquired—with some justice, we think—whether our foreign relations were worth preserving if such outrages could not be prevented?

Under Mr. Webster an effort was made to establish the principle that an American citizen, wherever born, was entitled to the protection of the United States Government. Mr. Marcy, in the first enthusiasm of power, went further, and shielded a foreigner who had simply declared his intention to become a citizen of the United States. General Cass will not interpose to protect a citizen of the United States from being impressed into the Prussian service. He holds that no man has a right to become a citizen of the United States until he has discharged all the duties which his birth involves to the Government under which he was born. In respect of natives of countries, therefore, where every male is liable to military service, as in Prussia, Mr. Cass holds that even a naturalization as citizen of the United States can not discharge the original obligation.

This, of course, is not the American view of the question. We invite foreigners from every country to our shores. We offer them every inducement to become citizens of the United States. We desire that they should become citizens. And when they have complied with our desire, we know no distinction between them and native-born citizens.

Prussia only needs a sharp reminder of our intentions to relax her policy. An embargo on the trade between Prussia and the United States would break half the manufacturers of Prussia, and would speedily humble the Government. Let Mr. Pugh persevere, and follow up his motion with a resolution to suspend all trade with Prussia until her present policy is abandoned, and we shall hear no more of the impressment of American citizens.

THE LOUNGER.

PRESCOTT.

No reader familiar with modern literature but will feel a pang of regret upon hearing that the historian Prescott is dead. Some months since we spoke of a sudden illness, a slight paralysis, which had befallen him. Such an event is the touch of a solemn finger, which beckons and points forward. It is, therefore, not altogether with surprise that the papers reported his death on Friday, January 28.

In the circumstances of his life, well known to the world by his simple relation of them, and in all the intercourse of his literary and social career, there was such a genuine kindliness that the man was loved as the author was respected.

He was born in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1796, and was, therefore, about sixty-two years old when he died. At the end of his college life a chance crumb thrown at him by a companion at table struck one of his eyes and destroyed the sight. The other eye was weakened so that he became almost wholly blind. His subsequent career is sketched by his friend, Mr. Ticknor, the historian of Spanish Literature, in Duyckinck's Cyclopedia of American Literature, and from that we learn that, after finding his case hopeless, that he had lost one eye and could depend only doubtfully upon the service of the other, he abandoned his design of studying law and devoted himself to history.

To this end he carefully prepared himself by the eyes and voices of others, using his own eyesight very sparingly; and after ten years of careful general culture, he commenced preparing the history of Ferdinand and Isabella. At the end of the next ten years, in 1838, this work was published, and Mr. Prescott took rank at once among the most popular and learned of historians. The Histories of the Conquests of Mexico and Peru followed, and the third volume of a History of Philip the Second was issued at the close of the last year. He chose the field of Spanish history; he labored in it unceasingly; he dealt with original materials, and while his industry was cheered at every step by an unusual public sympathy, the publication of its results was hailed with hearty applause, and the history of the events that engaged his talents will hardly be written again.

Honors of every kind have been freely lavished upon him here and elsewhere. He went to England, and England offered him its most characteristic hospitality. Nor was this surprising, for there is something peculiarly English in the calmness and clearness of his works and the quality of his scholarship. At home he was surrounded by old friends, and his last years wore away in literary labor and social enjoyment in Boston or at Nahant and the shores of Massachusetts Bay.

His life had a quiet heroism, none the less remarkable because he was not obliged to work for his bread. Many a scholarly young man, of easy circumstances, would have been fully justified in the general opinion for retiring from every kind of laborious industry after such a misfortune as befell Prescott in college. Nor is it to be regarded as altogether a fancy that the self-mastery which that event necessitated appears in the general character of thoughtful kindness, calmness, and sweetness which pervade his works. They are lucid rather than brilliant, and his style is pleasant rather than picturesque. But his works have an unobtrusive interest which is very winning. He is not a great philosophic historian; he is a charming chronicler. It is the flowing narration of the sequence of events rather than the analysis of their causes and the influence of human character upon them, which fascinates his readers.

But if any man is fortunate who writes a book that the world willingly reads, is not he doubly so whose work inspires personal regard as well as general admiration? Prescott died before—humanly speaking—his work was done. But when the sailor sinks with his ship, or the patriot falls in the front of battle, or the scholar's hand drops in death upon his desk, we feel that it is fit, that it does not come too soon, that the post of duty and of labor is the proper place to die.

THE BURNS CENTENARY.

THE Burns birth-night celebration was the most universal literary festival ever known. In most all of our chief cities there was some gathering of men of every nation under the auspices of Scotchmen; and the heart of the world beat responsive to the memory of the man as it has always thrilled to his song.

And of all poets, Burns was the one who would naturally inspire such a general feast. For he is the song-writer as truly as Homer is the epic and Shakespeare the dramatic poet of all time; and songs deal directly with the cardinal emotions of humanity; they are blossoms that flower out of no local, no individual, no peculiar experience, but they spring out of the great common heart, as grass grows in every zone of the globe. Being thus the poet of the universal heart in its domestic and affectionate sphere, he is hardly less dear to us as a man than sweet as a singer. He is naturally "Robin" and "Robbie" to all who think of him, who read his story, or sing his songs. His life was so sad that we think of it with pain, but, happily, his own music clears away the tears that cloud our eyes as we remember it.

It is curious, as we have before hinted, that two Scotchmen should be the most personally beloved of authors, but curious only because the proverbial characteristic of the Scotch genius is sober thrift. Robert Burns and Walter Scott are the two personal favorites of literature. Homer is a myth, Dante a cloud, Shakespeare a power, but Burns is a brother man. And yet between these two men how marked is the difference of popular regard! While Burke deplored the ending of the age of chivalry, Scott celebrated its charm and illustrated its history, but Burns sang the song that the heart of the age was singing, "A man's a man for a' that;" and the heart of all ages echoes the strain in an enthusiasm of love and gratitude.

The occasion inspired several admirable addresses. The most striking were those of Bryant, Beecher, Emerson, and Dr. Osgood, with the poems of Holmes, Lowell, and Whittier. If Great Britain has done as well as we did, the hundredth anniversary of Burns's birth will be always counted as among the most memorable of intellectual festivals.

A PROTEST.

"MR. LOUNGER,—I have been amazed at the recent enthusiastic celebrations in honor of a Scotchman of immoral character, who was born a hundred years ago. Are the gentlemen, many of them of reputable standing—shall I add, some of them clergymen?—aware of the facts in the life of this man? That he was lazy, and domineering, and licentious, and drunken, and that he did not spare the Kirk in his diatribes?

"Some of the really distinguished men of the last century, indeed, kindly noticed him as a rustic prodigy, when he came to Edinburgh. The celebrated Doctor Blacklock, and Mr. Dugald Stewart were friendly to him; the Earl of Glencairn, even, was pleased to express approbation of his poetical talents. Mr. Alison, the excellent authority upon 'taste,' and the elegant Mr. Mackenzie, author of the 'Man of Feeling,' also, did not disdain to speak well of the Ayrshire plowman. But they were great men, and could afford to be generous to obscure talent. Besides, I do not find that they kept him much in view after his brief Edinburgh visit.

"What has this person done that people should be enthusiastic about him? I am aware that he has written verses in an uncouth dialect; but then Mr. Alison, and Mr. Mackenzie, who wrote in the English language with classic elegance, and whose works no more offended the laws of propriety than their lives—why should they be left in the lurch, as it were? Shall the centennial birthday of an Ayrshire plowman, of small education and bad habits, who had a knack of gingling love-songs, and who died after a feverish life, and in poverty, at the age of thirty-seven, be celebrated by scholars and wits, by poets and divines, and by all classes of people with enthusiasm—and the venerable Mr. Mackenzie, who was an exemplary and substantial citizen and father, a scholar and writer of unquestioned elegance, be suffered to go without any such honor?

"Sir, the world is fourteen years behind in its centenary honors to Henry Mackenzie! And I might indulge in similar observations in the case of Mr. Alison, of Lord Hailes, of Professor Richardson of Glasgow. They did not outrage all decencies, Sir; they were not notorious in their loves and liquors, Sir; why on earth should they not have anniversary honors? For my part, Sir, I hope the speeches of Tuesday night were corrected by the sermons of Sunday morning; and that when the revelers awoke with a headache they repented of their dissipation; for, although there were clergymen present in some instances, I understood that there was *wine upon the table!* So much for celebrating the birthday of a tippler!

"Yours respectfully, ———."

The Lounger can not enter the lists with ———. He is willing to grant, with his correspondent, that Burns was a sinner; and he is glad to be reminded that the good old "man of feeling" was so "elegant" a writer. Meanwhile, since there is often something else in a sinner besides his sin (for verification of which statement ——— might consult the life of any human being that ever lived), there are various ways of treating the worst of sinners. My Uncle Toby was sorry to hear that even Satan was damned; and although Burns is beyond the charity of our valued correspondent, there was a sinner not beyond Burns's charity:

"But fare you weel, auld Nickie-ben!
O wad ye tak a thought an' men'!
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a stake—
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Even for your sake!"

WHAT HE HAS DONE WITH IT.

BULWER has at last answered the question which he has been asking in these columns for more than a year. He has completed "WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?" and it is now published in a book.

Those who are fond of his writings—and he is, after Dickens, the most generally popular of living authors—will find this novel not less interesting than its predecessors. In point of mere style, it seems to us more carefully finished than any. It is full of plot, and incidents, and personages; and the story is told with the singular skill which characterizes the author. The whole work shows a master in the literary art.

But Bulwer is a natural aristocrat. His genius is not in sympathy with the highest, although it is with the most popular spirit of his age. He recognizes the claim of caste before the power of character; and, instead of allowing Lionel Haughton, the gentleman, to marry Sophy, the daughter of the people—so teaching the eternal truth that where natural character, refinement, grace, intelligence assimilate, the great conditions of a happy marriage are fulfilled—the novelist condescends to the old stage trick of the beggar turning out to be the king; and the lovely, high-hearted Sophy, instead of being left in the simple majesty of a pure womanhood to be the worthy bride of any hero, whatever her history or parentage, must suddenly, in the very last pages, prove to be "No more the Outlaw-Child of Ignominy and Fraud, but the Starry Daughter of POETRY AND ART."

Yet all who love a genuine, old-fashioned novel, full of love and adventure—resulting as the heart always prophesies that it will result—will enjoy profoundly Bulwer's last novel.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

"MR. LOUNGER,—You have had much to say about *toadyism* in your columns; so perhaps you can decide a little question we have been discussing.

"Is, or is it not, toadyism for 'high-toned, independent' journals to copy the silly remarks of some letter-writer about 'Mrs. Douglas's pleasant, social, and domestic qualities'—said qualities consisting in an expressed intention of going out to buy her husband some *shirts*, he having lost all but one on his late electioneering campaign? (An honest constituency he must have!) And, Query 2d, Had Mr. Douglas been beaten, would such twaddle have appeared in the aforesaid newspapers?

"CHATWITH."

—The Lounger does not understand that the letter-writers cited the particular purchase as an indication of the qualities they commended; and undoubtedly, had Mr. Douglas been defeated, the letter-writers would have gossiped of the wives of more successful candidates—but they would have gossiped. The Jenkins style of Washington correspondence is undoubtedly the most popular of any. Personality of every kind is always entertaining to the general reader; and as every newspaper aims to please every taste, when such "twaddle" is copied into a reputable journal, it does not necessarily prove toadyishness upon the part of the journal, but only a conformity to a taste it knows to exist. A toady is one who flatters, in the hope of personal favor from the flattered; but in the case supposed CHATWITH will see that there is no such expectation.

—RAYMOND, Georgetown, District of Columbia, wishes to know

"What is the difference between a rare fighter and a fair writer?—One rejoices in fights done, the other indites fun.

"What is the difference between a lady's riding-dress and a hare pursued by dogs?—One is a hiding rabbit, the other a riding-habit."

—J. H., Boston, says that he and his friends have been puzzled by the following questions:

"Is idiocy a defect in the *mind*, or in the *organ* of the mind, the brain? Is the mind the direct gift of the Creator, or the natural result of organic life? Is the mind a unit and the brain compound, or the reverse? Is the philosophy of the mind, as presented by phrenology, based on truth?"

None of these questions can be positively and finally answered. We know the individual mind only by means of its "organ;" and we know that if it be pressed, or softened, or originally malformed, idiocy is the result. But we know nothing of defects in the mind. The reply to the second question is contained in this, that God did not wind up the world like a watch. What we call nature is only the method of his operation as discerned by the human senses and faculties. The third question involves an impossible comparison of spirit and matter. And to the fourth it is perhaps enough to say that all the ologies have a certain justification in experience. Physiognomy may not be so precise a science as Lavater made it, but every body is impressed, pleasantly or otherwise, by various faces, and an intellectual man never has the face of a fool. So with phrenology. It may not be possible to understand the character necessarily resulting from the combination of qualities indicated by the cranium, but there can be no doubt that certain marked forms of the skull indicate certain general tendencies. Phrenology does not pretend to present a "philosophy of the mind;" it is the science of a particular result and expression of the character and mind. There is a fascination in discussing these problems of

> "Fate, free-will, fore-knowledge absolute;"

but they are only sirens. They only lure the mariner into very cold or very hot water.

—The friend in Wilmington, North Carolina, who asks the Lounger about the quotation "to the manor born" will find that it is properly (in Hamlet, I. 4),

"though I am native here
And to the manner born."

—J. L., Baltimore, takes the Lounger's reply to his request to furnish questions for Lyceum debate more seriously than was intended, and declares that, after avarice, *triviality* is one of the worst things a man can do. *Peccavimus, peccavimus!* The Lounger meant no harm. Let the Lyceum discuss a question that was recently discussed in a Debating Society, "Ought a man to obey a law which his conscience condemns?" To the mind of the Lounger there is no question at all in such a proposition; but there are many who do gravely debate it. Then let the Lyceum discuss "Is a prohibitory liquor law consonant with the democratic principle?" Then, "Is it a desirable law?" Then, "Is a prohibitory tobacco law just or desirable?"—prohibitory, that is, of its use.

There are multitudes of such questions, which will be of constant service to the members of the club as republican citizens, and upon which we ought all to know the reasons of our opinions. Should either of these questions be discussed, will J. L. please send the Lounger the result of the vote? And the Lounger will promise not to offend with his trivial fun any more.

—In the *Lounger's Letter-Box* of December 18, 1858, there was "a charade for fast young ladies by a slow young man," by H. D. Will H. D. please to appease the eager curiosity of W. E. S., Boston, and A BELLE INCOGNITA, by sending the Lounger the answer?

—W. C. B., Louisville, Kentucky, gives the Lounger permission to light his pipe with some lines upon a "Moonlight Sleigh-ride;" and with many thanks, and granting that they gingle pleasantly, the Lounger has done so.

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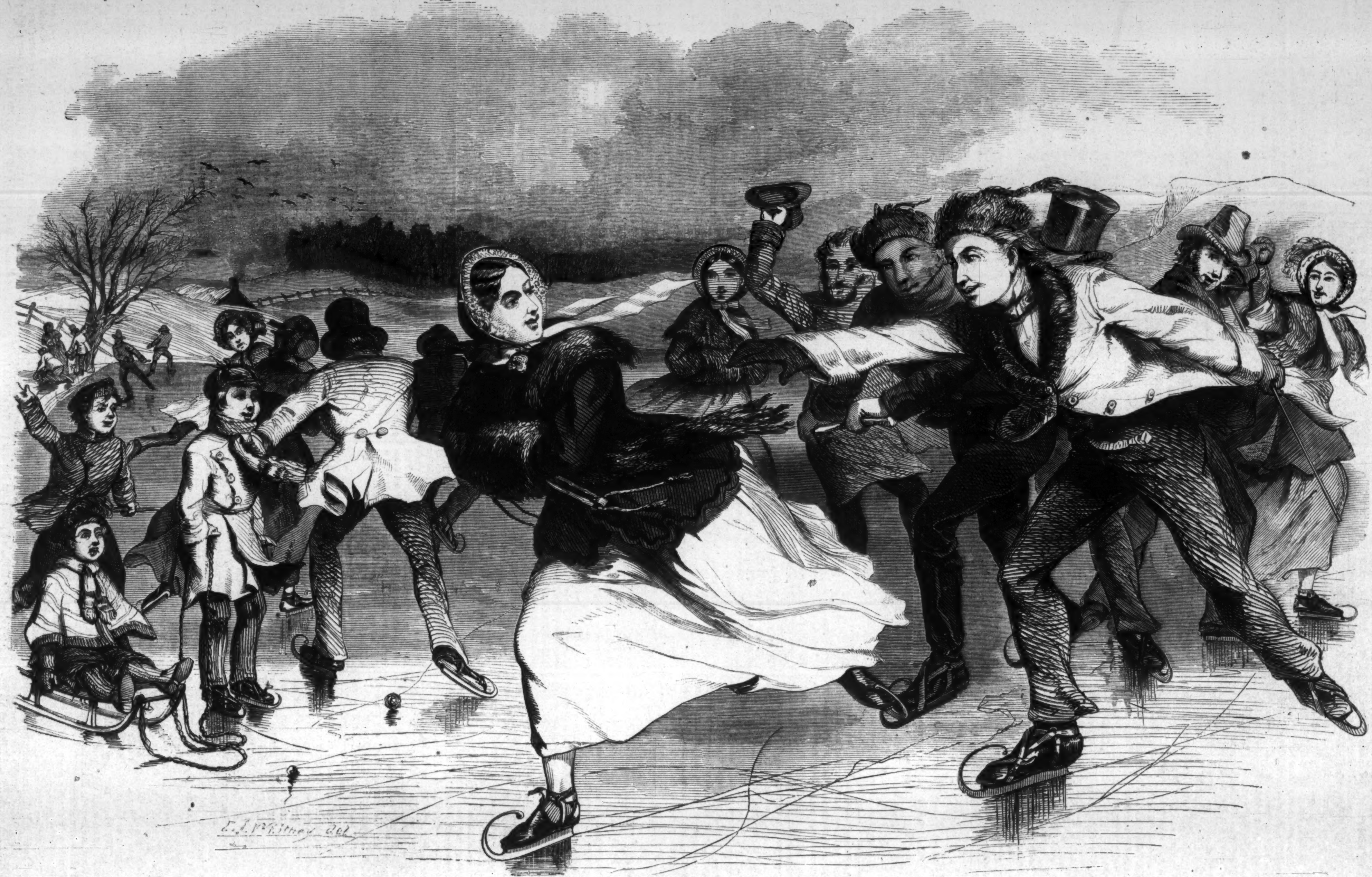


E. J. Whitney del.

A SKATING SCENE.

SKATING.

NEVER was there such a rage for skating throughout the United States as this winter. Before the age of steamboats, when the ice used to "take" smoothly and broadly every winter on the East and North rivers, the New Yorkers were proverbially fond of skating. But, for the last thirty years or so, the want of suitable ice has deprived the Gothamites of the pastime. This winter a bold and successful effort to repair the deficiency has been made by the Commissioners of the Central Park, who have turned their ponds and swamps to good use, by flooding them every cold night, and inviting skaters to try them in the morning. The idea has been a hit. Thousands of persons of both sexes have for the past month, whenever the weather suited, spent an hour or two every day on skates in the Park—with no small advantage, it is to be hoped, to their health and spirits.

Our illustration represents a skating scene in the country. Throughout the North and East skating has long been a favorite amusement with ladies as well as men. At Boston most of the young ladies skate, and skate well. Throughout the Canadas skating rinks are a domestic and a popular institution. No doubt much of the health and fresh complexion which distinguish Northern belles arise from this favorite pursuit.

A FRAZER RIVER LOVE STORY.

WE arrived on our station, at the mouth of the Frazer River, in the Oregon Territory, with the ship, officers, and ship's company, all in the very best of health and spirits.

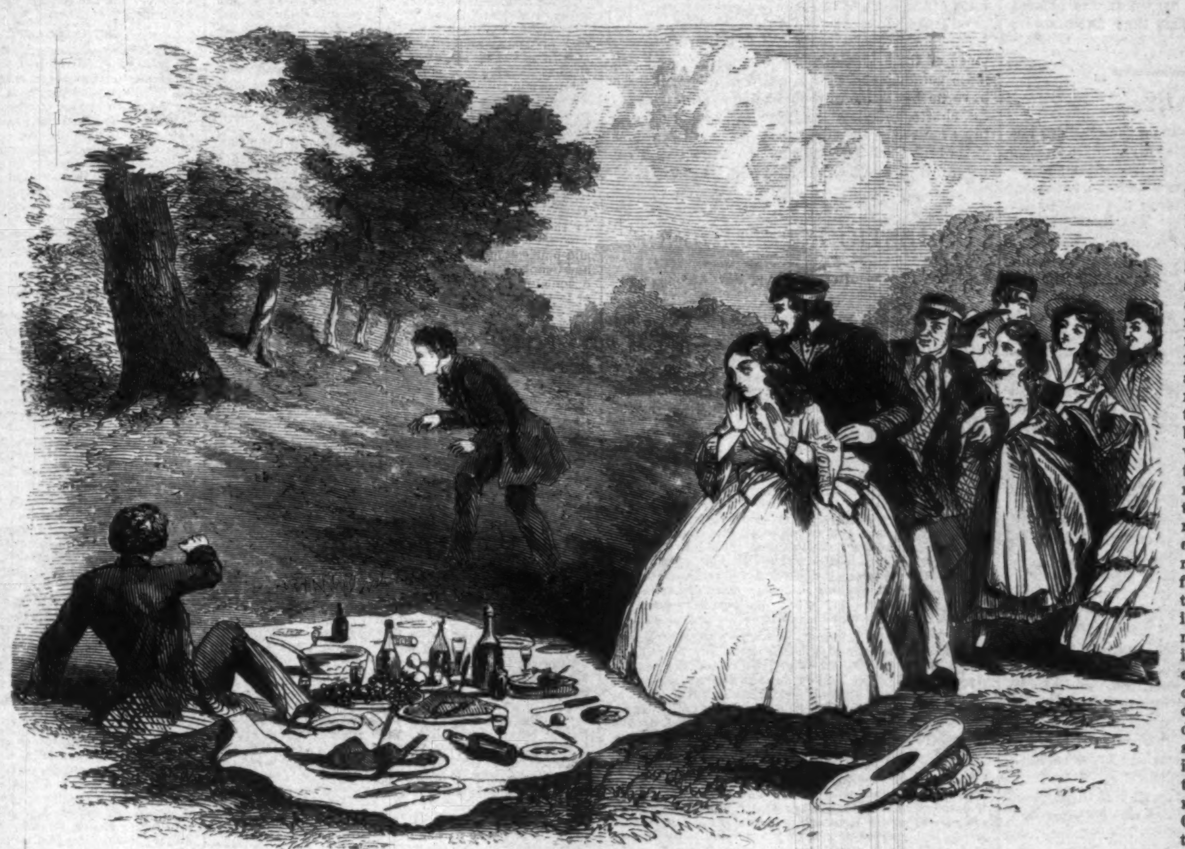
It was a glorious place. We had contrived to get the ship over the bar, and were lying about two miles up, surrounded on all sides by forest-clad hills and grassy valleys. Not far from us was a fort belonging to the Hudson Bay Company, to the officers of which the herds of half-wild horses that pastured in the valleys belonged. The woods teemed with game, and the water with fish; so that we never wanted a day's sport, nor a delicious addition to the dinner-table.

For some time I gave myself up to a sporting-life. The officers of the Company had kindly given us leave and assistance to catch and break as many horses as we pleased, and I, with a couple of smart nags—on which my servant attended as groom—my gun, and my rod, with an occasional excursion into the land of poesy, was as happy as the day was long.

Many of our fellows used to visit at the fort; but I, being of a bashful and retiring nature, contented myself with smoking one cigar with the inhabitants, and then returned to my former amusements. I had become accustomed to the absence of ladies' society from necessity, and should have gone on happily and prosperously until we left the place, had it not been for one unlucky day, and one deceitful purser.

The niece of the commanding officer had lately arrived at the fort, and taken all hearts by storm. She was a blue-eyed, cherry-lipped, peach-cheeked, dimpled-faced damsel of seventeen, with clustering bright brown curls.

The purser and I were the first favorites with the young lady, and the rest were nowhere. I could come on shore oftener than he could, and, taking advantage of this, I was most assiduous in my attentions. I danced with her, I walked with her, I sang with her, I read poetry with her, and I began to *teach her drawing*. All went smoothly as a marriage-bell. The perfidious purser had scarcely the ghost of a chance; and I felt sure that the sight of me in my full uniform, when she came off to church, one Sunday, had completely finished him. But "Man proposes, and Providence disposes." Let me hasten to a conclusion before my feelings get the better of me.



"OH! DO CATCH IT FOR ME—THE LITTLE BEAUTY."

A picnic party had been got up, mainly through my exertions. We mustered about fifteen, including Miss Edwardson. The scene of our rural felicity was to be a small grassy glade in the thick forest, just where a fine headlong trout-stream came dashing down into the bay—about as delightful a spot as can well be imagined; and right merrily did we enjoy ourselves. Among the crowd of admirers that surrounded her (there were always eight or ten), Miss Edwardson distinguished none but me. The purser looked at me savagely—at her, dismally; and despite his natural buoyancy of spirits, was either silent, or spoke in monosyllables. As I observed his spirits declining, so did mine rise, until at last I had become quite the lion of the party. My wit sparkled under the approving eyes of that sweet girl; and as the wine passed round after our dinner, beside that glorious stream, I kept the table, or rather the table-cloth, in a roar; or, as the humor seized me, I got them into a sentimental mood, and set them thinking of their absent loves.

We got to singing. The purser sang a song, the refrain of which was, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." Ah—h—h! I remember it but too well. Many other fellows sang; and when it came, I gave them a beautiful little thing I had composed for the occasion, beginning,

O no! we never mention her:
She lovely—she's sublime, etc.

Only I could not manage to keep out of "Ben Backstay" and "Cease, rude Boreas," into which two songs I was constantly tumbling, owing to a defective, or perhaps, a too retentive memory, assisted by sundry glasses of Champagne, which I had taken to get my courage up to the popping-point. At last Miss Edwardson was prevailed upon to favor us, and she was getting on delightfully with "Love on, love on," occasionally sending me up to the seventh heaven by a tender glance in the strong passages, when she suddenly broke off and exclaimed:

"Oh, oh! Oh, the darling! the love! Oh, the sweet pet! the beautiful creature! Oh, the little beauty!"

She was either looking at me or over my shoulder. For a moment I really was ass enough to believe that her passion for me had turned her brain; but seeing Williams rise from the grass rather hastily, and observing that he was intently regarding some object behind my back as I reclined beside my charming lady-love, I looked round, and there saw the cause of her exclamations. It was a beautiful little animal of the ermine species—at least so I thought, though its coat was pure white, and it had no black tip to its bushy tail. The impudent little wretch looked at us for a minute, and took it so easy that I began to think it must have been some escaped pet; and when Ellen sang out again: "Oh, Mr. Guthrie—oh, see how tame it is!—oh, do catch it for me, please—oh, do!" I rose at once to do so. At the same moment all the others rose. I saw that perfidious purser sign to them, and thought they were coming to assist. I did not notice till afterward that they had all retreated in an opposite direction.

The little beast had taken up his station at the foot of a grand old tree. His stern was turned toward us, and he was quietly and complacently surveying us over his shoulder. I made a run at him, and my hand was nearly on him, when—Ah me! the remembrance of my reception by that abominable animal I shall never forget. The love, the darling, the pet, the beautiful little creature, was neither more nor less than a SKUNK! I was almost suffocated, I was entirely beside myself with rage. I fell down, I yelled, I rolled in the grass, I rubbed the skin off my face. I held my nose, but the terrible effluvium got in at my mouth; I shut my mouth, and it rushed in at my nose. I screamed for help, and one or two of the less experienced of our party came running down toward me; but no sooner had they got within fifty yards than, simultaneously gripping their noses, they ran as if the Old Gentleman was after them. I rushed after the party myself, still vainly holding my nose; but no sooner did I approach than they turned and ran as if for the bare life.

I was intolerable to myself. The dreadful perfume nearly maddened me. All my rubbing and scrubbing only took the skin off, without giving me any relief. I tore off my coat and waistcoat, and rushed into the stream. There was a steep fall close at hand; and there, under the dashing water, with just my nose and mouth out to get air, I sat. I dared not move out. Only when covered with water was existence tolerable.

I had been there some time, when I heard a voice hailing. It was the purser's, and he was evidently holding his nose.

"Hi, Tommy, where are you?"

"Here," I answered, in a most doleful tone—"here, under the water-fall."

"That was a skunk you tried to catch," he called out, keeping a respectful distance, and still holding his nose.

"Don't I know it, you confounded booby!"

"Oh, I thought you might like to know the creature's name, in case you should ever fall in with another. Pretty little things, ain't they? Can I do any thing for you?"

"No," I replied, savagely. "I'm going on board."

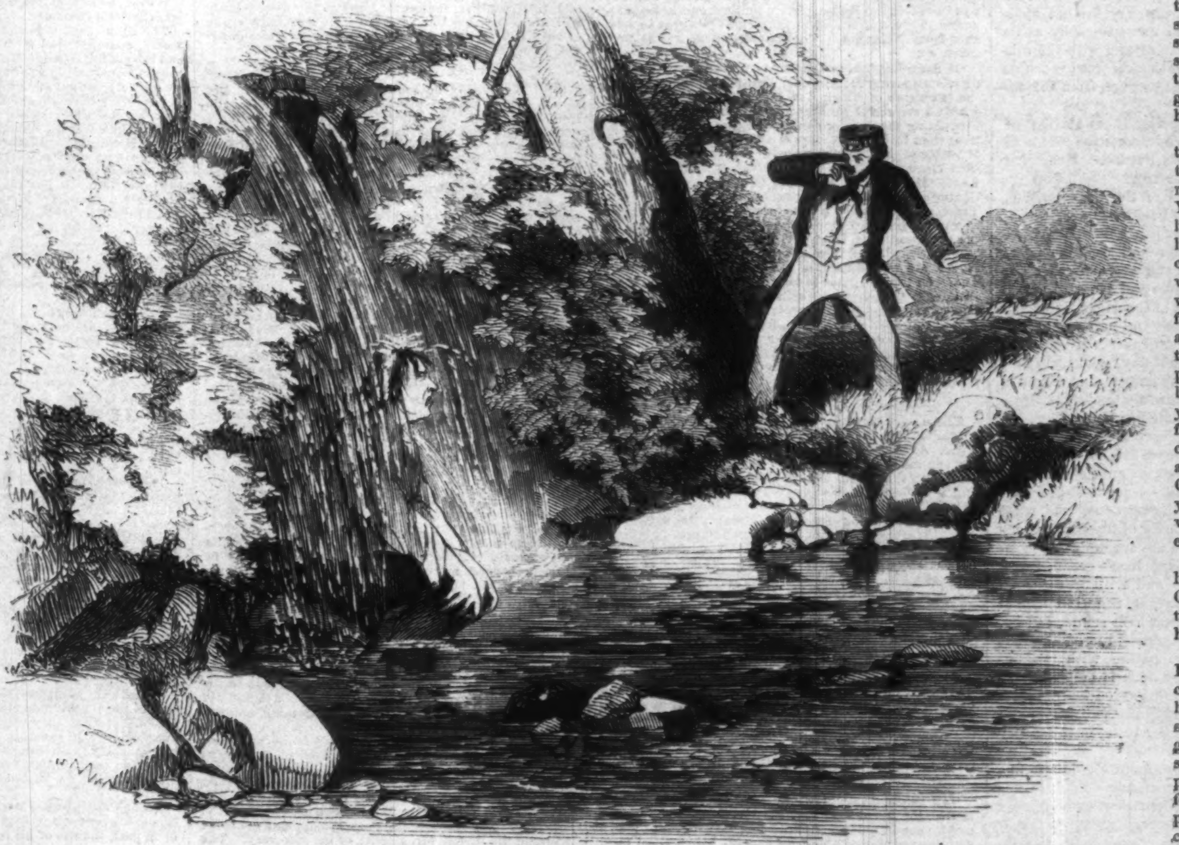
"On board!" exclaimed Williams. "Why, man, you'd clear the ship. Nothing can live within fifty yards of you, nor won't be able to for a fortnight to come. You don't know how strong you are."

"Don't I, though!" I thought, feeling at the same time that I was strong enough, in another sense, to give him a good thrashing, if I could only get out; but that was hopeless.

"How queer you look there, under glancing water—quite like a jolly old river-god. Well, look here. You can't go on board; you had better walk round the head of the bay until you come to a half-ruined hut which is there. There you will have to stay for a fortnight or three weeks; and if you keep in the water all the time, you will probably have ceased to be aromatic. At present, you know, you are dreadful. I'll send you round clean clothes, grub, liquor, and any other necessaries. Good-by; take care of yourself. You'll have a very quiet life; I almost envy you. Good-by."

I am almost sure I heard him stifling a laugh. Could I have proved it, this world should not have held us both much longer.

Three mortal weeks did I exist, a miserable outcast, in that wretched hut. At the end of the second week, a messenger, holding his nose, presented me with a small packet. On opening it, I found it to contain a small portion of cake, and two cards tied together with white ribbon. On the small one was the name



"UNDER THE WATERFALL—LIKE A JOLLY OLD RIVER GOD."

"MR. WILLIAMS, R.N.;" and on the larger one, "MRS. WILLIAMS." My happiness was blasted forever! I vowed from that time forth never, never more to love.

LITERARY.

WHETHER the speck of war on the southern horizon grows larger or not, it is very plain to us that no one can fail to be interested in a clear and intelligible account of Paraguay and the valley of La Plata, whither our squadron has gone to demand reparation of a wrong. The expedition of the *Water Witch*, in 1853, '54, '55, and '56, possesses special interest, and we therefore have great confidence in calling attention to Commander Thomas J. Page's narrative of the expedition, which Harper & Brothers publish in a splendid octavo, entitled LA PLATA, THE ARGENTINE CONFEDERATION, AND PARAGUAY, illustrated abundantly with engravings and maps.

The account of Commander Page is spirited and attractive. One reads it with the enthusiasm of travel itself, for every thing is novel, instructive, and entertaining.

Every one in taking up the book will turn first to the story of the outrage on the *Water Witch*, and, if the relation of our author is entitled to any credit, there was never a grosser instance of insult to a national flag than this, or one which demanded more summary and condign punishment. The Administration is always in a delicate position when such occurrences take place. If an American vessel is fired into or boarded on the high seas, and the Administration do not instantly declare war against the aggressor there is a furious row in the country and the opposition presses load them with charges of cowardice, weakness, and like epithets. If, as in the present instance, they send a fleet to demand reparation, there is as great an outcry against the wisdom of the course Let any man read the volume before us and say whether a grosser outrage stands recorded.

It was notorious on the Parana and throughout Paraguay that the *Water Witch* was engaged in a peaceful exploring expedition. It was notorious that the river was never the property of Paraguay, but was a public boundary river. The right of the vessel to ascend it was undisputed, indisputable. She was fired into by a Paraguay fort, and the helmsman was killed and the ship damaged It was an act absolutely without excuse, an unprovoked injury and an intentional insult. Commander Page may well be indignant as he is, even to eloquence, in the pages before us, and we beg Americans to read this book carefully and judge of the propriety of the arguments which are elsewhere urged against chastising the nation that thus insults a peaceable and friendly flag.

We have no space for an extended notice of the work, and have allowed this matter of the war prospect to take too much of our room. It constitutes but a small part of the book. The volume contains lively accounts of men and manners, customs and curiosities. It opens a new page of geography, as well as of human nature, to our eyes and ears. The maps are of particular value at present, and the illustrations are of the first character There is, by-the-way, an amusing page of illustrations. One of these is President Lopez's drawing of the river and the spot where the *Water Witch* was fired upon; the other is a correct drawing by the surveys. The two sketches look as much alike as a view of the Bosphorus and one of Lake George might be supposed to look alike. If President Lopez fights as he sketches, it will be a battle of shadows with Paraguay.

James Challen & Son, Philadelphia, have in press A NEW HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO, by Robert A. Wilson, Esq., of which the advance sheets have been placed in our hands. Mr. Wilson does not believe in the romance of Mexican history. On the contrary, he has studied as well the country and its topography as its written history, and, comparing one with the other, he not infrequently shows that received accounts of some adventures of Cortéz can not, from the nature of things, be true.

Few writers so well appreciate those portions of the romance of history which interest the minds of all classes of readers as Miss Pardoe. Hence her EPISODES OF FRENCH HISTORY, published by Harper & Brothers, is one of the books which, without opening, we should be safe in recommending. But a glance over its pages demands more than a cursory examination, and we take it up only to lay it down finished and well enjoyed. The period selected is that strange and eventful period of the consulate and empire of the great Napoleon. The characters are the heroes and heroines of that age of both. The charm that invests all accounts of the men and women of that day, who surrounded the child of destiny in his career, this charm is felt by Miss Pardoe and admirably rendered. Here are some incidents that no one has before heard of—some delightful stories of Josephine and her beautiful court, and here are revealed, as she says in the preface, "hidden motives for public measures, indications of character which serve to explain actions otherwise apparently incongruous," and, what will especially attract the lover of the strange, exciting, and marvelous, here are accounts of the secret workings of many of Napoleon's great moves, the masterly skill, the bold and brilliant diplomacy, private, but most important, negotiations and interviews, plans and plots, which sound, indeed, like romance—some of them almost incredible—but which are stamped by the author with the undoubted seal of truth. The book is emphatically absorbing in interest. Miss Pardoe has the English ideas of Josephine and Madame Tallien, and does not attempt to conceal her belief in the frailty of both in their early years.

Ticknor & Fields publish separately, in two fine 12mo books, the two series of ARAGO'S BIOGRAPHIES. They are noble sketches of men of great names, and will be interesting as well for their subjects as their authorship. They form, in fact, a complete history of modern science in these outlines of the lives of the men who have done most to advance it.

Ticknor & Fields issue the 47th and 48th volumes of their HOUSEHOLD WAVERLEY, and two more volumes will complete this edition, which we have no hesitation in pronouncing the most tasteful, chaste, and elegant edition extant, not excepting even the great Abbotsford.

Rudd & Carleton send us THE AFTERNOON OF UNMARRIED LIFE, whose title tells its contents

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

ON Monday, 31st January, in the Senate, Senator Bigler introduced a resolution to the effect that the duties ought to be increased. Various reports and memorials were presented; among others, one from the Naval Committee recommending that all future ships of war should be the best that can be constructed. A discussion followed on the Walker-Paulding question; Senators Foot and Crittenden made speeches. The Indian Appropriation Bill was then taken up, and some amendments of no general interest were passed.——In the House, various reports and memorials of no public interest were presented. Mr. Stephens sought but did not obtain leave to appropriate certain days to the consideration of territorial business. Mr. Kilgore, of Indiana, moved a suspension of the rules to introduce certain stringent resolutions against the slave-trade; lost by 115 to 84. Mr. Houston sought leave to introduce a bill to enable the Government to borrow $20,000,000; negatived by 73 to 127. On motion of Mr. Bliss, it was resolved that for two weeks night sessions should be held. In the evening speeches on the acquisition of Cuba were made by Messrs. Davis, Pottle, and Smith, of Tennessee.

On Tuesday, 1st February, in the Senate, Senator Seward offered a resolution for the relief of Commodore Paulding; referred. Senator Wade moved to take up the Agricultural College Bill. Speeches were made thereon by Senators Gwin, Stuart, and Pugh, after which the Senate adjourned.——In the House, on motion of Mr. Grow, the Homestead Bill was taken up and passed, by 126 against 76. It provides that any citizen of the United States, or any person who has declared his intention of becoming such, shall be entitled to enter any quarter-section of unappropriated land, and to hold the same on condition of actual settlement. The French Spoliation Bill was taken up on motion of Mr. Burlingame, but after speeches by Messrs. Burlingame, Letcher, Washburne, and Hughes, it was, by the decision of the Speaker (which was affirmed by the House), referred to the Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union.

On Wednesday, 2d, in the Senate, various reports and memorials were presented; among others, one from Senator Pugh calling for all correspondence relative to the compulsory enlistment of American citizens into the Prussian service. The Agricultural College Bill was recommitted by 28 to 26. The Indian Appropriation Bill was debated until the Senate went into executive session.——In the House, a bill was reported by Mr. Greenwood providing for the naturalization of, and the granting of land patents to, the Shawnee Indians. The naturalization clause was, after some debate, stricken out, and the bill was then lost by 9 majority. The House then went into committee on the Legislative, Judicial, and Executive Appropriation Bill, and speeches on the general financial condition of the country were made by Messrs. Garnett, Phelps, Giddings, Keitt, Bingham, Phillips, Kelsey, Stanton, Wright, Vallandigham, Morris, Dowdell, and Davis.

On Thursday, 3d, in the Senate, memorials were presented for a subvention for a line of steamers between New York and Havana, and for the improvement of lakes and harbors in New York State. The Judiciary Committee reported adversely to the claim of Messrs. Lane and M'Carthy to be admitted as senators from Indiana. Senator Houston introduced a bill to unite the two Judicial Districts of Texas. On motion of Senator Gwin, the vote on the Agricultural College Bill was reconsidered, and the bill was amended. The Indian Appropriation Bill was then passed.——In the House, on motion of Mr. Reagan, the Judiciary Committee was directed to prepare a bill to prevent polygamy in the Territories. Various reports from Committees were presented. The House then went into Committee on the Legislative, Judicial, and Executive Appropriation Bill, and speeches were made by Messrs. John Cochrane, Stanton, Crawford, Trippe, Millson, Moore, Washburn, Haskin, and Curry. No vote was taken.

On Friday, 4th, in the Senate, Senator Green reported bill for the organization of Arizona and Dacotah ordered to be printed. Senator Seward called for information with regard to the defenses of New York. The House Homestead Bill was reported from the Committee on Public Lands. A bill, granting $60,000 for the relief of the captain and crew of the brig *General Armstrong* was passed.——In the House, the Committee on Elections reported in favor of Mr. Chapman's right to a seat as delegate from Nebraska. The private calendar was then taken up.

On Saturday, 5th, in the Senate, a resolution was passed reconsidering the Missouri Two per Cent. Land Bill, the discussion of which was deferred. Mr. Seward presented a memorial from the Legislature of New York, instructing the Senators and requesting the Representatives from this State to oppose any increase in the rates of postage Senator Seward also presented a memorial from citizens of this State in favor of the Homestead Law. Mr. Clay, of Alabama, from the Committee on Commerce, reported a substitute for the Secretary of the Treasury's scheme of retrenchment. The bill proposes to save six hundred thousand dollars in the collection of the revenue The Pennsylvania Avenue Railroad Bill was discussed, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, gave notice that he would, on the 7th, move to take up the River and Harbor Bill. Mr. Winslow, of North Carolina, from the Committee on Naval Affairs, reported a joint resolution of thanks to Captain S. C. Reid, for designing the flag of the United States. The joint resolution giving permission to Lieutenant Maury and Professor Bache to receive gold medals from the Sardinian Government was passed, when the House adjourned.

THE LAST PRESIDENTIAL RECEPTION.

The *Times* correspondent writes: "The President's reception last Tuesday night had an overflowing attendance. As to the number who attended, your correspondent can make no satisfactory estimate, not having been landed on the White House steps until nearly 10 o'clock, and then quitting as soon as possible for a less distinguished but more edacious and bibacious engagement elsewhere. Getting out of the carriage, the writer was ushered through several richly-furnished parlors into the room of state, at the door of which he found Mr. Buchanan on vigorous hand-shaking duty. "One of my constituents, Sir," said a friendly Congressman; "this is Mr. Nobody, Mr. President, the man in my district who most heartily coincides in your Lecompton policy." Our Chief Magistrate gave a gracious smile, and the tight-fitting silver kid on your correspondent's hand touched the snowy kid (rather long in the fingers) on the hand of our beloved and illustrious ruler. Some ladies then were led up, to whom—as he always is to women—the President was peculiarly affable; and the writer plunged on through yellow rooms and blue rooms (a perfect cholera morbus of drapery and furniture), until he at last gained standing ground in the immense east drawing room, where the Marine Band of this place was discoursing some excellent but rather astounding music.

WHO WERE THERE.

"Of the male animals congregated here, we had, of course, the usual variety. We had tall men and short men; men in uniform, and men in evening dress; men with beards, and men without beards; bald-headed men, and men with spectacles; diplomatists and doctors; pale dandies and rubicund dining-out men; officers of the Army and Navy, Senators, Governors, Congressmen, journalists, contractors, public paupers or officials, Cabinet Ministers, and Pike County people, lobby agents, and Judges in all stages of impeachment, together with the unspeakable conglomeration of representatives from Bedlam; long-haired men and fuzzy-haired men; men with extensive shirt-collars, and men prudently careful to conceal their linen, or want of linen, beneath a charitable scarf.

"Of the gentler sex we had countless and some very magnificent delegations. Ladies lovely as Eve, and a good deal fonder of apples, ladies queenlike and housewifely; ladies of an elevated 'Sairey Gamp' pattern, and ladies plumed and pallid, with small ears balanced on jewels, and their white arms flashing back a golden echo to the opulence of ornament on each inviting bust. There were girls from the Western States, with black and blue cotton velvet bodies, sitting uneasily on hapless and hoopless thin merino skirts; women painted in various modes—by health, by tipple, and by rouge; a dozen or two girls from Pike County, with faces so white and powdered that one might imagine their anxious mothers, in the absence of any other toilet, had dipped them, head first, into a barrel of the best Genesee; old and young, short and tall, fat and skinny women and girls, with insane botanical exhibitions tangled up and running astray over a scanty sub-soil of heavily pomaded curls, braids, plaits, ringlets, bands, wreaths, and other insane devices for making the 'five small loaves and a few fishes' of deficient hair give satisfaction to the multitude."

IS SPURGEON COMING TO THE UNITED STATES?

The correspondent of the Boston *Journal* says: "The news by the last steamer tells us that Rev. Mr. Spurgeon has had an offer of ten thousand dollars to preach a certain number of nights in the Academy of Music in this city. The true state of the case is probably this: Rev. Mr. Corey, of the Eighteenth Street Baptist Church, is now in Europe. It was known before he left that it was his intention to induce Mr. Spurgeon to exchange pulpits with him, or at least to visit New York, and preach in the Academy of Music, and allow Mr. Corey to fill his place in the home field of the modern Whitfield. How many persons are concerned in this movement is unknown. But rumor has it that Mr. Corey is to fill the Academy of Music at so much per head, and to make up the round sum of $10,000 to pay the star preacher. Mr. Corey has had some experience as speculator. He built a church on Twelfth Street, which was sold to the Jews.

"He built an elegant one after the order of the Madeline at Paris, in the aristocratic portion of that aristocratic street, the Fifth Avenue. This was sold to the Episcopalians. His congregation, not large, now occupy the church built by the Episcopalians on Eighteenth Street. And no one has learned that he has made much money or gained much influence by all these speculations. Now, following in the wake of Messrs. Barnum and Ullman, he has gone abroad in search of the great star of the old world, and intends to show him up to the good people of this new world. Should Spurgeon visit America as a Mininster of the Gospel, he would be received with open arms. But if he should come as a paid star, preaching as Grisi and Mario sing and play, as Piccolomini attracts, for immense sums of money, the public would gape and stare, and the gold hung around his neck, the $10,000 blazing on his forehead would sink the minister and soil his fair fame beyond redemption."

A REMARKABLE SUICIDE.

The New Orleans *Crescent* of the 24th ult. gives the following remarkable story of a suicide: "Sylvester Rupert, 37 years of age, an Englishman by birth, and by trade a ship-carpenter, lived with his wife and two children in a house on Perdido Street. In October last the yellow-fever, then prevailing, counted among its victims the youngest child of the Ruperts—their little girl Lizzie, about four years old, and the particular pet of the father. This was a blow from which the father never recovered. Not able to buy a tomb, he had the child buried in the ground in Greenwood Cemetery. The grief preyed heavily upon him. It was his only thought; and being out of his regular employment, he found employment in his grief. He bought a burial lot, and some bricks and other material, and with his own hands, and all alone in the cemetery, built him a brick tomb. He had not the means to make the tomb a stylish one; so in its mouth, or entrance, he fitted a wooden frame, and on this frame he fitted a piece of board, and secured it with screws in its four corners. On this board, with which he inclosed the vault (in lieu of the usual brick and mortar or marble slab), he had carved nicely with his knife the burial inscription of his child. The tomb finished, he disinterred the child's body and placed it there. He fastened the board with screws, in order that he might afterward have no trouble in removing it when he felt like gazing upon the decaying remains of his child. This employment finished, it was his habit to visit the cemetery, open the tomb, and look at the corpse of his pet. He always carried a screw-driver in his pocket with which to remove and replace the board, and also to remove and replace the lid of the coffin. Neither the haggard aspect of the shrinking little corpse, nor the foul odor of its decay, could repel him in his morbid grief. His visits were frequent, and sometimes his wife went with him. He frequently complained to her that he could not get work, and this inability, doubtless, fostered the despondency which was drawing him to death. He frequently spoke of having no faith in the future, and of death as a desirable thing.

HOW HE GOT INTO THE TOMB.

"On Wednesday he went to the cemetery with two shrubs which he had purchased, and planted them in front of the tomb On Thursday, when he left home, he told his wife that if he had no better luck in finding work she would never see him again. He also said something about having a place in which to rest. That evening or that night—for no one saw him in his gloomy proceedings—he visited the cemetery, taking with him his screw-driver, an iron trunk-handle, a small rod of iron, a piece of wire, some new screws, and a large vial of laudanum. Unscrewing the board of the tomb, he threw away the screws and filled the screw-holes in the board with clay. With his new screws he then secured the trunk-handle to the inside of the board. This work, of course, had to be done outside the tomb. Pushing his child's coffin aside, he got in by its side, taking with him his poison and the other articles with which he had provided himself. His hat he placed upon the coffin; his coat, which he had taken off, he wrapped around a brick for a pillow. He shut himself in with the board, by means of the handle which he had screwed to it; the board fitting outside the wooden frame. The iron bar, which was of the proper length, he placed across the frame inside. The thickness of the frame would not allow the bar to pass through the trunk-handle on the inside of the board, so he secured the handle and the bar by means of his wire, coiling it through the one and around the other. He did not succeed in fitting the board squarely upon the frame. One corner of it caught upon the brick-work outside the frame. This he did not discover, probably, owing to the darkness of the night; and but for this little circumstance his fate would probably have never been discovered, or not at least for many years. Having thus hid himself away, as he fancied, beyond mortal discovery, he drained off the contents of his laudanum bottle, composed himself on his back, placed the brick and coat beneath his head, and went to sleep, and off into the unknown region of the suicides.

"As he did not return home on Thursday night his wife feared the worst, remembering well the tendency of his late conduct and the tenor of his parting words. On Friday morning she rose early and went out to the cemetery. She looked all around, and failed to find her husband. She went and looked at their tomb, and was about to leave, when she happened to notice that the board did not fit as snugly into the frame as usual. Looking closer, she discovered the mud in the screw-holes; and putting her hand on the board, found it was standing loosely. She pulled it out a little, and the first thing she saw was the dead face of her husband. She fainted away, and lay in the grass she could not tell how long. She recovered at last, got up, and went and informed the sexton, Mr. Merritt, of her discovery. The latter went and looked at things, and sent word to the Coroner; and the inquest was held, as we have stated, on Saturday."

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

The following is an extract from a letter just received by Mr. Cyrus W. Field from a distinguished English engineer, who has never been connected with the Atlantic Telegraph Company:

"I well remember our conversation when we last saw each other, and I am as much in earnest on the subject now as I was then, for, like yourself, I am confident that the Atlantic Telegraph enterprise is destined, under Providence, to be successfully accomplished, and I feel in my mind perfectly certain that all the difficulties may be easily and certainly overcome. I do not regard the task as a light one, or an easy one, but I *know* it to be a practicable one. I congratulate you most sincerely on even the partial success which attended your last attempt, and the great change in public opinion which has resulted from it.

"Nothing can now delay its accomplishment. The two worlds can not do without it."

FAREWELL ADDRESS OF THEODORE PARKER.

Mr. Parker has written a farewell letter to his people. It concludes as follows: "If my labors were to end today, I should still say, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace,' for I think few men have seen larger results follow such labors, and so brief. But I shall not think our connection is ended, or likely soon to be; I hope yet to look in your eyes again, and speak to your hearts.

"So far as my recovery depends on me, be assured, dear friends, I shall leave nothing undone to effect it; and so far as it is beyond human control, certainly you and I can trust the Infinite Parent of us all, without whose beneficent Providence not even a sparrow falls to the ground; living here or in heaven, we are all equally the children of that unbounded love. It has given me great pain that I could not be with such of you as have lately suffered bereavements and other affliction, and at least speak words of endearment and sympathy, when words of consolation would not suffice.

"I know not how long we shall be separated, but, while thankful for our past relations, I shall still fervently pray for your welfare and progress in true religion both as a society, and as individual men and women. I know you will still think only too kindly of

"Your minister and friend,
"THEODORE PARKER.

"EXETER PLACE, *January* 31, 1859."

PERSONAL.

A challenge to skate was given by Miss ——, of Salem, a Di Vernon young lady, who saucily gave out that if any of the male gender could catch her she would forfeit a kiss. The Boston *Herald* says that an athletic negro, hearing of the challenge, gave chase, and soon his arm encircled her waist. Her brother, however, averted the impending smack by presenting the fellow with a five-dollar bill—telling him to "slide." The African started on a "bender" with the funds, remarking audibly that he "wouldn't give five dollars to kiss any wite gal libin."

Sixty-eight Americans were presented to the Emperor of the French at a grand reception at the Tuileries, on the 10th of January.

Ex-President Fillmore is at the Delavan House, in Albany. *The Statesman* says that he has entirely recovered the use of his eyes, and that there are no traces of the severe attack which, last summer, so far impaired his sight as to make it necessary for him to forego reading even the current news and gossip of the day.

The best, because fresh and original, of compliments given to Mr. Everett was by a railway man at Binghamton, listening to Mr. Everett's glorious discourse on Washington. The admission fee was fifty cents. When the address was finished this man turned from his rapt attention to a friend and said, "*This ought to have been a dollar!*"

The little Prince Imperial of France was playing the other day in the gardens of *grande mère* Montijo, when some ladies, well known to him, ran up, as usual, to kiss and fondle him. But the little heir-apparent, doubtless under instruction, astonished them by throwing himself into an attitude, and holding out his "hand" for their salute.

It is said that the Emperor Soulouque has shipped a quantity of valuables on board a government vessel lying at St. Marc, and that, should affairs turn against him, he will make his escape with abundant solace for dethronement. The knowing old gentleman has also large investments in France sufficient to soothe the declining years of a deposed African Emperor.

The Boston *Traveller* regrets to hear that a gentleman of this city, of distinguished literary and scientific attainments, one who bears a venerated name, and whose genius and science has given an important improvement to the cities of the United States, has been so far bewildered in the mazes of Spiritualism as to believe that he is wrongly mated with an amiable and devoted wife, and has found his spiritual affinity with another young lady. As we have been informed, the wife, though heart-broken by the development, and having one child, has assented to the request of her husband for a separation, and he has gone to Indiana to procure a divorce, in order that he may marry his new affinity, who, we believe, is, like his wife, a lady of intelligence, amiability, and irreproachable in character.

The Brownings, Robert and Elizabeth, have sent out a card, stating, "that with a strong personal affection and esteem for Madame Mario, and a love for liberty and the democracy still better known to all who know us, yet we entirely dissent both from her views of Orsini and her opinions upon Piedmont, considering that every attack on the Piedmontese Government is leveled also against the general Italian cause."

The Michigan Legislature has "put its foot in it," by voting six hundred and forty acres of land to Mrs. Rogers, because she produced four little Rogerses at one and the same time. It has set a precedent which may cost the State thousands of acres of land. The Detroit *Free Press* says Mr. Job Burnap, of Sumptor, Wayne County, has applied to the Legislature to divide its favors. His papers set forth that Mrs. Burnap "has given birth to nine children at four births, three of whom were born ten months after marriage;" that he is a poor man, and therefore prays for a donation of land, as in the case of Mrs. Rogers.

The circumstances of Mr. Prescott's death, says the Boston *Post*, are not unlike that of his father in 1844. A few months before he died, Judge Prescott had a slight attack of paralysis, but on the morning of his decease he rose as usual, appeared to be in his usual health, and went to his library. Here he was struck down, and it was soon seen that the hand of death was upon him. He passed away peacefully and without a struggle. It was thus with the historian. He spoke of his former attack cheerfully and hopefully, and, in the belief that many years of life were yet before him, he labored on until the summons came.

The correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* says that the Rev. John A. Gurley, the successor of Mr. Groesbeck in Congress, during his recent visit to Washington, "was a good deal taken aback on observing such Senators as Wade and Hamlin walk to their seats and unburden themselves of a good-sized revolver, and lay the same in their desks, Border ruffian fashion."

In the House of Representatives, last Saturday, Mr. ——, seated in the gallery on one of the front seats, accompanied by a lady, was noticed to keep his arm around her neck, and it was only when a polite note was addressed to him by the door-keeper, stating that hugging in the House was contrary to the rules thereof, that he took away his arm, and soon after sloped, followed by his neck-laced one.

"Jenkins" publishes through the *National Intelligencer*, the Washington etiquette concerning invitations. Diplomats, when they receive invitations to dine at the White House, in case they have cards out for a dinner on the same day, withdraw them. A husband can plead an invitation for a dinner where himself and wife are invited, against an invitation to a gentleman's dinner party.

Major Cass, who has lately retired from the Mission to Rome, has been attacked by paralysis, and has lost, wholly or in part, the use of his lower limbs. He has gone to a watering-place in Switzerland, famous for the effect of waters on that disease.

The *Evening Post's* Washington correspondent says that the announcement that the Cuba question was to be debated in the Senate on Monday attracted Lord Napier to the Chamber. He was accompanied by Mr. Keitt, of South Carolina, and soon after entering the Chamber engaged in close conversation with Senator Hammond, from the same State.

Mr. Prescott's mother once showed his room to the Rev. Mr. Frothingham, and said to him: "This is where William was shut up for so many months in utter darkness. In all that trying season, when so much had to be endured, and our hearts were ready to fail us for fear, I never in a single instance groped my way across the apartment to take my place at his side, that he did not salute me with some hearty expression of good cheer. Not in a single instance. As if we were the patients, and it was his place to comfort us." No word of complaint throughout all that dismal period; no sigh of impatience or regret. He was not content even with the perfect silence of an unrepining will; but he must sing in that imprisonment and night. Was this not a representative example?

A curious suit has been brought in Machias, Maine, by one Osgood against Joseph Crandan. The action is for the recovery of $16, subscribed by the defendant toward paying for plaintiff's services as preacher of the Gospel. In the testimony, it appeared that the money was not to be paid if the plaintiff preached politics, which the defendant thought he did, and consequently withheld payment. The jury failed to agree after being out five hours.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PRISON DISCIPLINE IN LONDON.

EX-UNDER-SHERIFF ROSE, urging, through the columns of a contemporary, the reconstruction of the part of Newgate appropriate to women, observes: "In one room I have seen confined in Newgate a woman—Mary Ann Alice Seago, by name—who had beaten her step-child to death under circumstances of unparalleled barbarity. The process of murder occupied some considerable time; but I can not write the details, and it would be sickening to read them. She was a clever, cunning woman, well educated, and with a very competent knowledge of the law relating to prisons, with which she often favored the officials, and full of grievances. Sir G. Grey, the then Secretary of State for the Home Department, would not remove her from Newgate on account of a supposed delicacy of health, and the most effectual step to the outrages committed by this woman in prison was a threat to get her removed from Newgate. Confined with her was one Celestina Somner, also well educated; convicted of cutting the throat of her child, ten years old, in a coal-cellar, with a carving-knife, and whose conviction was secured by the evidence of a servant-girl, Rachel, who slept usually in or on a bed in the kitchen, through which the mother and daughter passed in their way to the shambles in the coal-cellar, and who, awakened that night, heard the butcher in the act of murder informing her victim that she would 'teach the —— to tell lies.' That servant-girl—her nervous system strung in all agony of fear—became many years older that night; for her mistress, carving-knife in hand, came to Rachel's bed to turn her over and see whether she was asleep, which she pretended to be. 'I did not go to sleep,' said this witness at the trial; 'I lay awake all night.' The softening influence of prison associations on the heart of Celestina Somner may be imagined when she informed her convict companions that she was sorry she had not finished the servant as well as her own child. The last of the three companions was a woman who, by three different men, had had three children, who, wishing to visit a paramour in the country (whether the father of any of her offspring I forget, but I think not), and finding the expense of moving them all more than she could afford, deliberately took two of her children down to a canal, and held them under water until they were dead. This woman before her trial trumped up a deliberate lie with elaborate circumstances against the policeman who took her into custody, which she adhered to after trial and conviction, but, in the imminent prospect of the gallows, she admitted the whole to be false. These three were associated together in one room—vain of the attention they excited and received—as such criminals usually are, the more so, the worse the crime and the more notorious the criminal. They were attended by the doctor, the clergyman, the governor, the matron, the visiting magistrates, the sheriffs, the under-sheriffs (to say nothing of visitors), who are privileged, some daily and some weekly, to wait upon criminals to hear a statement of their complaints and grievances. More, much more might be added, but this is enough to prove that Newgate wants further improvement."

WHAT DICKENS LOOKS LIKE.

The *Times* correspondent writes: "Mr. Charles Dickens is becoming a sort of rival in another way to Albert Smith. His readings from his own works are crowded every night, at St. Martin's Hall, with fashionable and distinguished audiences. Two friends of mine, who were particularly anxious to be present last evening, found it impossible to obtain tickets for the stalls, every one of which, to the number of 1150, had been disposed of two days before. At the request of a friend, they were, however, accommodated with two extra chairs. The great charm of the entertainment consists in Mr. Dickens's admirable mimicry and powers of rapidly changing his tone and look, without degenerating into buffoonery or extravagance. It is curious, however, to see such a man appear in public, dressed in a style of exaggerated fashion, with half a dozen rings on his fingers, and a huge bouquet of exotics in his breast."

HOW THE IRISH PRIESTS RULE THEIR FLOCKS.

At the Tralee Quarter Sessions lately, an action for assault against Father O'Sullivan caused a good deal of interest: "The plaintiff, Mary Sheahan, a young, ill-clad, and ignorant girl, with an infant in her arms, examined. —I know the Rev. G. O'Sullivan. I recollect his beating me in the town of Killorglin. It was after beating me first that he beat me in the street. It was four days before this that he beat me on the road. When beating me in the street, he took and tore the little shawl that I had to cover my little child. A crowd gathered round when he began to beat me. He knocked me down. The second time I had not the child with me. I was coming out of a shop, where I bought bread, when he attacked me.—Cross-examined: You had a child lately, I believe, and you are not married?—If I had, I did not either drown or kill it. I am striving to support it. I had a piece of bread in my hand when he struck me. Several persons were present after he struck me. I did not belong to his parish, I am from Cahirciveen.—The Rev. George O'Sullivan was examined: I am parish priest of Killorglin. I was passing through the streets when a boy from the national school called my attention to some women. In consequence of what he said, I went to' where the people were in order to banish them, and in doing so I made an attempt to strike one of them with my hand. I could not say then, nor can I now say, who that person was. I had no motive in dispersing them but to prevent them giving bad example to the community. I won't say I did not strike this girl, but I did not hurt her.—Cross-examined: Now, Father George, may I ask you how many of your parishioners have had from time to time to seek legal redress from you for assaults?—I can't say.—Were there forty? twenty?—No.—You were, I believe, before Sergeant Howley and a jury of the county before now for an assault on Mr. Sealy?—I was.—And there were damages given against you to the amount of £25?—Yes.—And Sergeant Howley told you on that occasion, very gravely, that you could not be permitted to enforce your notions of morality by means of a blackthorn stick or a horsewhip?—He did.—And yet you think it right to horsewhip this unfortunate poor creature on the public highway?—I struck with the top of the whip.—Was it with the stick or the lash?—With the top of it—the lash. The girl had the child on her back the first time I struck her with the whip, but I took particular care not to strike the child. I got off the car I was on to strike her when I met her on the road, but did so with the lash of the whip.—Now, Sir, I ask you, did you tear this poor woman's shawl?—I did.—Did you tear it into more pieces than one?—I did. I tore it across, and tore it again.—His Worship decreed for £5, including the loss of the shawl."

FRANCE.

MORPHY'S MATCH WITH ANDERSSEN.

A writer in the *Herald* thus describes the interesting contest: "Herr Anderssen, Professor of Mathematics in the Gynasium of Breslau, arrived in Paris on the 12th of December. Next morning he called on Mr. Morphy, and found him ill in bed, suffering from severe inflammation, the effects of a European winter. Since his match with Harrwitz, Paul Morphy had forsaken chess almost entirely, finding no pleasure in beating men who were incapable of defending themselves; but Anderssen's appearance roused the sleeping lion, and gave him what he termed 'a perfect chess fever.' He told his medical adviser that the Prussian's stay in Paris was limited, and that he was, therefore, desirous of commencing the match on the following Monday (20th inst.). The doctor gave his consent, presuming that Paul Morphy would otherwise play without it, and the patient got out of bed —for the first time during nearly a fortnight—so weak that he had to be assisted into his chair. Had your countryman been in ordinary health the match would necessarily have come off at the Café de la Régence. As it was, the contest took place in Mr. Morphy's apartments in the Hotel Breteuil, before a select number of spectators, the moves being forwarded every half hour to the café above mentioned, where crowds daily watched the struggle. Among the spectators at the Hotel Breteuil I may mention the American Minister, Judge Mason, M. St. Amant, Messrs. De Riviere, Journoud, Lequesne, Grandboulogne, Signors Preti and Carlini, Hon. Captain Bingham, Counts Casabianca and Bastorot, and others. Numerous American gentlemen sent up their cards, and were of course admitted.

HOW THE MATCH WAS WON.

"Paul Morphy had the first move, and dashed off with the Evan's gambit. None other than he would have had the courage to do so against such an antagonist as Anderssen. But long confinement to his bed and abstinence from food during so many days had made him nervous and feverish, and his antagonist won, after a struggle which lasted upward of seven hours. Next day Anderssen played the Ruy Lopez opening. Those of your readers who are unacquainted with the mysteries of chess must be told that this opening has been more thoroughly analyzed than any other, and shown to be an almost certain victory for the first player. Nevertheless, Paul Morphy forced a draw game. The following day the young Louisianian showed what he could do with the Ruy Lopez, and Anderssen resigned on the twenty-first move, after an hour's play. The fourth game was immediately commenced, and Anderssen again lowered his flag. The fifth, sixth, and seventh games the latter also lost—Morphy thus scoring five consecutively. The eighth was a draw. The ninth was won by your countryman with eagle-like rapidity. He permitted Anderssen to capture a bishop, left his queen, two knights, and a bishop simultaneously *en prise* during several moves, and forced his antagonist to resign on the seventeenth move. The following game Anderssen scored; it lasted seventy-seven moves, and Anderssen remarked to your correspondent afterward, 'I win my games in seventy moves, but Mr. Morphy in twenty; but that is only natural.' The eleventh and last game Paul Morphy won in thirty-five moves, thus gaining the match, the score standing finally as follows: Morphy 7, Anderssen 2, drawn 2.

WHAT HERR ANDERSSEN THINKS.

"Herr Anderssen is a brave and courtly adversary, and his opinion of his young conqueror was expressed in a straightforward manner to the crowd at the Café de la Régence. He said, 'It is impossible for any body to be stronger than Mr. Morphy; he does not merely play *le coup juste* (the proper move), but *le coup le plus juste* (the most proper move). If we play the move only approximatively good we are certain to lose. All other players make mistakes; Mr. Morphy never does.' And in answer to the question as to which was the stronger player, Labourdonnais or Morphy, he replied, that if any difference existed it was in favor of the latter. St. Amant, the contemporary of Labourdonnais, and whose name is a 'household word' in chess, expresses a similar opinion. 'If Morphy and Labourdonnais could play together the former might lose the first few games, but he would eventually be the victor.' St. Amant believes that he can give pawn and move to any living player, and desires to see such a contest commence forthwith with Harrwitz, but that gentleman has not the courage to accept. However,

'To this complexion will it come at last,'

for Paul Morphy has declared that he will play no more matches with any one unless accepting pawn and move from him."

ANOTHER MARRIAGE AMONG THE ROTHSCHILDS.

The correspondent of the Boston *Traveller* says: "Society is busy with the marriage of the youngest son of Baron James de Rothschild. M. Gustave de Rothschild is about to marry a beggar—I speak comparatively, for the beggar bride has only a dowry of $40,000—a mere trifle, which would not furnish a drawing-room in the fashionable style of the present day. He marries the daughter of Joel Anspach, a Judge of the Cour Imperiale here. He was born at Metz, and is the only Jew on the Paris bench. Mademoiselle Anspach is a beautiful Jewess."

QUEER STORY OF A FOOT.

A Paris correspondent writes: "Some trials are allowed to go the rounds of publicity, and one has just come off between the *Tribunal Civil de la Seine* which is sure to get European circulation. It is a case of a lady's foot. A Wallachian young widow came to get amputation of the ankle-joint done at Paris, and an orthopedic machinist last September made her an artificial foot, at the price of 1055 francs, so serviceable that she could visit the theatres. Having changed her apartment, the people whom she left, in spite, spread a rumor that she was about quitting Paris without paying her creditors; whereon the orthopedist, alarmed, called at her new abode and possessed himself of the foot, without which he calculated there was no locomotion possible. The lady simply called in the aid of another performer, and got as good and much cheaper an article to step on; and when sued in payment of the original understanding, pleaded its abstraction by the maker without her consent, and to her inconvenience, compelling her to get a fresh foot elsewhere. The Court condemned the want of gallantry, as well as the insulting conduct, of the 'footman,' and exonerated the Wallachian lady from the claim. Two other incidents came out at the trial, which complete the tragi-comedy. Feeling nervous after amputation, the fair Wallachian had required an amanuensis for her correspondence; and this secretary presented her with an elegy (L.E.G.) on the loss, for which he had the impudence to summon her before the *juge de paix* in payment of 100 francs; while the foot itself, without any order from her, had been carried off for interment at Père la Chaise, involving the cost of the ground and of a marble slab; total, 180 francs."

THE THREE GREATEST MEN OF EUROPE.

A letter from Cannes, of the 2d, says: "Were the men of England, France, and Germany called upon to elect three representatives who should personify high mental power, wisdom, pure philanthropy and patriotism, their choice could not possibly fall upon more worthy objects than on the three distinguished men whom circumstances have brought together in this petty town. I speak of Henry Lord Brougham, who radiantly stares time out of countenance; of Alexis de Tocqueville, laid low by disease, but daily parrying with greater vigor the assault of the fatal scythe; of the Chevalier de Bunsen, who has deserted his favorite retreat and abandoned his beloved occupations in order to bestow his entire attention and affectionate care on the stricken friend."

A MEAN DRAMATIST.

The *Express* correspondent writes: "A good deal of small talk is occasioned just at present in dramatic, literary, and artistic circles, by a suit brought by M. Hereau, a young Parisian painter, against M. Eugene Scribe, the celebrated and venerable dramatic author, whose plays have inundated the French stage for nearly half a century past. For several years past our dramatist has been building, in the Rue Pigalle, a mysterious edifice. Some people pretend that it is a private mansion; others, that it is only a magnificent palace. At all events, it is well known that the resources of architecture have been taxed to the utmost to render this construction something quite extraordinary and original.

"You will, of course, have determined that painting has been called in to *illustrate* this splendid residence, and you are quite right. Painting *has* been called in, and Painting appears to have been very scurvily treated. The dramatist of the Rue Pigalle was desirous of fixing indelibly upon the six panels of his dining-room the six principal episodes of his brilliant author life. For this work of high art he had chosen a young painter, rising in distinction and reputation, and the six panels impatiently waited for were at length completed. But what was the astonishment of the artist upon learning from M. Scribe's own lips, after the immovable pictures were finished, that they didn't suit his taste, and he wouldn't pay for them! The young painter urged that when a choice has once been made, and a contract signed, there is no such thing as retraction possible. Moreover, there had been a regular bargain, and the price agreed upon for the labor was—*eight hundred francs!* This pitiful sum Scribe positively refused to pay, and it is said he actually had the coolness to offer to compromise with the artist by remunerating him for the colors employed! The latter has brought suit against Scribe for breach of contract, and very few millionaires would care to be in the dramatist's shoes at the present moment. That the obstinate author of the *Trois Maupin* will be forced to fulfill his bargain no one doubts."

A CURIOUS AFFAIR IN COURT.

"Speaking of suits, a funny little incident arose the other day out of a case before one of the Paris courts. Two lawyers had been pleading against each other in a trial respecting some disputed property. After the decision, Counselor A, who had gained his cause, doubtless a trifle elated by his triumph, left upon his desk in the court-room a quantity of papers relating to the suit. His late adversary, Counselor B, noticing this oversight, quickly bundled up the forgotten papers, thrust them into his bag, and decamped. The other presently returned to look for the missing documents, and learned from a traitorous by-stander what had occurred. Without giving himself any further immediate concern about the matter, Counselor A sat down and wrote two notes, which he hastily placed under envelop, directed, and sent to the post. The next day Counselor B received the following epistle:

"'DEAR SIR,—I have the satisfaction of announcing to you that we have gained our cause. It was really too easy a triumph. Your adversary was a thousand times in the wrong, and his advocate floundered about most pitiably,' etc., etc. (Signed) 'A.'

"At about the same hour A's client read, with indescribable amazement and stupefaction, the following scrawl:

"'YOU OLD VILLAIN!—Bring back my stolen documents. If you don't, I'll have you hauled up into the dock for theft. With your smirking countenance, I have long suspected you to be a rascal, not worth the rope it would take to hang you.

"'Nothing but the force of a most ridiculous habit impels me, you hoary scoundrel, to subscribe myself,

"'Very truly yours, (Signed) A.'

"The client read over three or four times this strange letter, and each time recognized the handwriting of his lawyer.

"'Poor fellow!' at last exclaimed the client, as a convincing light finally penetrated his mind, 'he's mad!'

"And off he started to consult the unfortunate counselor's law partner.

"'I fear I must announce to you, Sir, a piece of bad news.'

"'Your suit is lost?'

"'Oh no—but your partner!'

"'Well, what of him?'

"'I fear his mind is gone!'

"'What! since yesterday?'

"'I—but read this.'

"The other, having perused the epistle, reflected a moment, and then burst out laughing.

"'I see it all!' cried he. A left his papers in court, B took possession of them. A returned and wrote two letters, which I saw him post. In his hurry he has made a mistake in addressing them.'"

PRUSSIA.

THE APPROACHING ACCOUCHEMENT.

The *Nord* contains a letter from Berlin, in which we read: "We are expecting the accouchement of the Princess William from day to day. The accoucher of Queen Victoria and an English nurse are on their way. Another nurse of the Rhenish province will be at the disposal of the Princess, who, I should add, remains marvelously well. On the occasion of her delivery, some of the political prisoners and refugees look for an amnesty. May the hope be fulfilled." It is mentioned in another letter that the nurse now in the royal household is the wife of a husbandman in Westphalia.

SWEDEN.

PERSONAL DAMAGES IN SWEDEN.

A letter from Stockholm, December 31, says: "In the country the master of a household is permitted by law to inflict personal chastisement on his domestics, both male and female, if they should prove lazy, disobedient, insolent, or obstreperous, at his own judgment and pleasure, and without the necessity of applying for permission to the magistrates or other civil authorities previously. The number of blows or lashes thus permitted by law is restricted to twelve at the discretion of the master. To the honor of the estates of the citizens and peasants be it said, they supported a government bill for the abolition of this feudal enormity with an overwhelming majority, while the priests and nobles threw it out, so that it is shelved for several years, for, according to the Swedish laws, a bill when lost can not be brought in again till the next legislative period. But, on the other hand, a motion brought before Government and Parliament by the Society for the Protection of Animals was passed unanimously, in virtue of which any case of cruelty to dumb animals is punishable by a fine from 5 to 100 rix dollars banco, according to the discretion of the magistrate. But I now beg your readers to take notice—and they can not fail to do so in mute astonishment and surprise—of the measure of punishment dictated by the Swedish statutes for cruelty to human beings, and which are at this moment in full vigor: For a foot chopped or struck off, 25 dollars banco; an ankle, 25 dollars banco; a toe, 8 dollars banco; an arm, 10 dollars banco; a leg, 10 dollars banco; a nose, 40 dollars banco; a hand, 40 dollars banco; an ear, 40 dollars banco; a thumb, 25 dollars banco; a forefinger, 17 dollars banco; an eye, 40 dollars banco; if the eye is of enamel or glass (incredible, but true!), 60 dollars banco; for a broken head, 13 dollars banco; a tooth knocked out, 6 dollars banco; small wounds, each, 1 dollar banco; a box in the ear, ½ dollar banco. A Swedish dollar banco is 1*s.* 8*d.* sterling. The sufferer must not be a member of the Storthing, or at least no injury can be inflicted on them during the session, as any such attack at that period and in the city of Stockholm is considered as high treason, and punishable as such.

THE AUSTRIAN ARMY IN ITALY.

The Vienna correspondent of the *Times*, in a letter dated the 8th ult., says: "When all the reinforcements have reached their destination the Austro-Italian army will consist of no fewer than 150,000 men; but a part of the troops will be placed in *echelon* between Villach, Casarsa, Conegliano, and Venice. At first it was intended to send only two divisions to Italy, but the day before yesterday orders were given that seven brigades (three divisions and a half) should move toward the southern part of the empire. By Wednesday next the whole of the third *corps d'armée*, which is under the command of General Prince Edmund Schwarzenberg, the son of the late Marshal, will be on its way to Italy. The third army corps, which formed the garrison of this city, consists of the brigades Martini, Palffy, Ramming, and Wetzlar. The other three brigades are already moving from the provinces of Galicia and Transylvania toward Vienna. As is but natural, the Austrian military authorities keep their plan of operation secret, but it is self-evident that Count Gyulai will—for the moment, at least—act strictly on the defensive."

ITALY.

THE HAT AND HOOP MOVEMENT.

The following letter from Milan, dated the 6th inst., has been received in Paris: "The Archduke Maximilian has just quitted the city. Some say that he will not return; others that his absence will not be long. It is General Gyulai, the military governor, who commands in his absence. Considerable excitement prevails among the population; but the military precautions adopted are such that an insurrection can have no hopes of success. The combination against cigars is as strong as ever, but the people are divided on the question of hats. Some wish that they should be worn of the same form as those used throughout Europe; others desire them to be small and round, after the Italian popular fashion. Neither are the people agreed as to ladies' dresses. Some will not tolerate crinoline: others desire that it may continue to be worn. But all are unanimous in their determination to raise an insurrection in the spring, and they expect the aid of France. The authorities had discussed the question of closing the theatres, but it was resolved not to do so for the present."

YOUNG MORTARA THANKS THE POPE.

The following has been received from Rome, dated the 7th of January: "As the foreign journals are speaking of young Mortara, I will imitate their example. He entered the school of the regular prebends of St. John of Lateran three weeks since. He appears happy, and expresses no desire to return home. The Pope pays for his education out of his private purse. On Christmas Day the Pope sent young Mortara a basket of sweetmeats. The next day the boy asked leave to thank the Pope, and he was permitted to do so. The Holy Father received him most kindly."

WHO ARE AT ROME.

The *Court Journal* says: "Many members of the fashionable world are *en route* for Rome, now that the Prince of Wales is proceeding thither. R. de Berne Cunningham, Esq., 2d Life Guards, and Captain Augustus Saville Lumley, of the same regiment, leave for that city next week. Dhuleep Singh goes to Rome next month; he has just arrived at Pesth, having been on a fishing and shooting trip up the Danube. The Princess Ganominee of Coorg, accompanied by her guardians, Sir John and Lady Login, also visit Rome next month. Some beautiful and costly articles of jewelry have been manufactured for the Prince of Wales, and are intended by his Royal Highness for presents during his Continental sojourn."

RUSSIA.

SHIP-RAISING AT SEBASTOPOL.

Mr. Gowen writes to the *Herald*: "On the 3d of June the first vessel was raised to the surface of the water—the schooner-of-war *Smelai*, of sixteen guns. Since that time I have raised the steamer *Turk*, war-steamer *Groznoi*, iron steamer *Danube*, eighteen guns; brig *Æneas*, yacht *Parisienne*, and cutter *Strella*. These vessels are in excellent condition, and comparatively sound. The *teredo* has only penetrated the upper works of the vessels, leaving the main hull quite sound and in good condition. The engines of the steamers are in nearly as good condition as though the vessels had been on the surface of the water. I sold the steamer *Turk* to the Imperial Government for 30,000 silver rubles, and she will be running again in the course of four months. The commission who examined the steamer reported that five per cent. of her value would pay the cost of putting her in perfect running order, and she is now undergoing repairs at Nicolaiff. I have also sold the steamer *Groznoi* for 23,000 silver rubles, at public auction.

"In addition to the above, I have removed the 120-gun ship *Catherine*, the line-of-battle ship *Sagonvil*, the 84-gun ship *Paris*, another 84-gun ship, the *Chesma*, used formerly as a prison ship; the frigate *Kavarna*, also a frigate which was formerly used for a prison ship, the transport *Berezan*, and the 16-gun schooner *Lashtocka*, and over one-half of the 120-gun ship, *Constantine*.

MR. GOWEN HAS A NAVY TO LET.

"I have contracted to entirely clear the harbor in two years from this time, and the work shall be promptly done. If the Russian Government should not purchase the fleet recovered, I shall be in a good condition to enter into a contract with any respectable Government to bombard, conquer, or destroy either of the minor Powers. I would not mind Turkey, Spain, or even India. The question is, how much is offered? My fleet will be quite as numerous as that of the United States, if not as effective."

TURKEY.

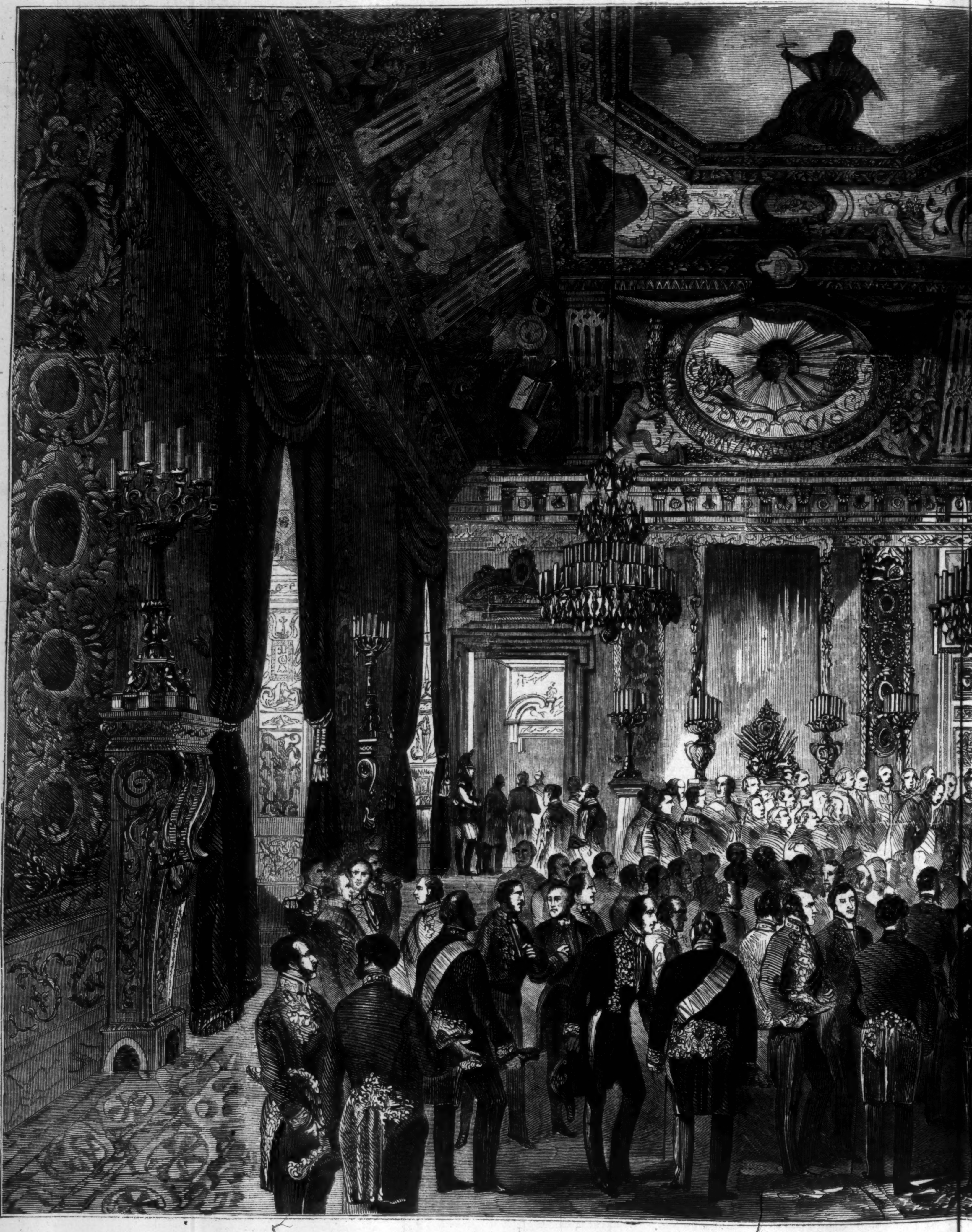
A DIPLOMATIC SNOW-BALL.

A letter from Smyrna, addressed to the *Presse d'Orient*, contains the following account of a quasi-diplomatic dispute between the consuls of Austria and Russia *apropos* of a snow-ball: "Children, we know, are accustomed to amuse themselves with snow-balling, and one of these missives has been the cause of an unfortunate event which is to-day the subject of general conversation. A youth, attached as a domestic to the service of M. Jean Fillipuzzi, director of the Austrian post, was amusing himself with other children in throwing snow-balls, when one of these innocent projectiles struck the cheek of a child of M. Ivanoff, Consul-General of Russia, who was on the field of battle. After cries and tears from the child, Madame Ivanoff made a complaint to Madame Fillipuzzi, who, in her husband's absence, expressed the liveliest regrets for what had happened. But some seconds afterward an officer from the Russian consulate, obeying the orders of Madame Ivanoff, entered M. Fillipuzzi's house, and, in spite of the most energetic protests, seized the servant boy, and brought him to Madame Ivanoff, who chastised him, made him a prisoner at the consulate, and then had him transferred to the government prison. On hearing these facts, M. Fillipuzzi addressed to his consul, the consul of Austria, a demand for the release of the child, and satisfaction for the violation of his domicile. The Russian consul refused this satisfaction, and the relations between the two consulates were broken off in the most peremptory manner. The affair has been submitted to the respective embassadors at Constantinople. Meanwhile Mr. Blunt, the British consul, has caused this culprit of twelve years, who happens to be an Ionian subject, to be set at liberty. Such are the consequences of a snow-ball!"

INDIA.

CONVERSION OF A WIFE.

The following anecdote has been forwarded for insertion to the Preston *Guardian*: "Captain —— was the Mohammedan interpreter in my husband's army—a talented Englishman in birth and manners, in religious principles a nothingarian. He spoke the Mohammedan language to perfection, and was of great use to the regiment under my husband's command. Seeing one day a very elegant Mohammedan girl, of high caste, at a well, he at once fell in love with her, and eventually married her, she believing him to be of her own creed and people, from the circumstance of his having dyed his hands and face to the color of the natives, and speaking the language with extraordinary fluency. He followed and worshiped the same idols as his wife, and to all intents and purposes was looked upon as a follower of the Prophet. Time rolled on; the regiment was ordered to Calcutta. It was a critical moment for the husband. He must reveal the secret to his wife, that he was an Englishman. He did so. She took it kindly, went to Calcutta with the regiment, and heard the Gospel for the first time. She, in the course of time, embraced Christianity, and was the means of converting her hitherto wayward and undecided husband. 'And that young lady,' pointing to a tall, elegant-looking girl of seventeen years, 'is her daughter.'"



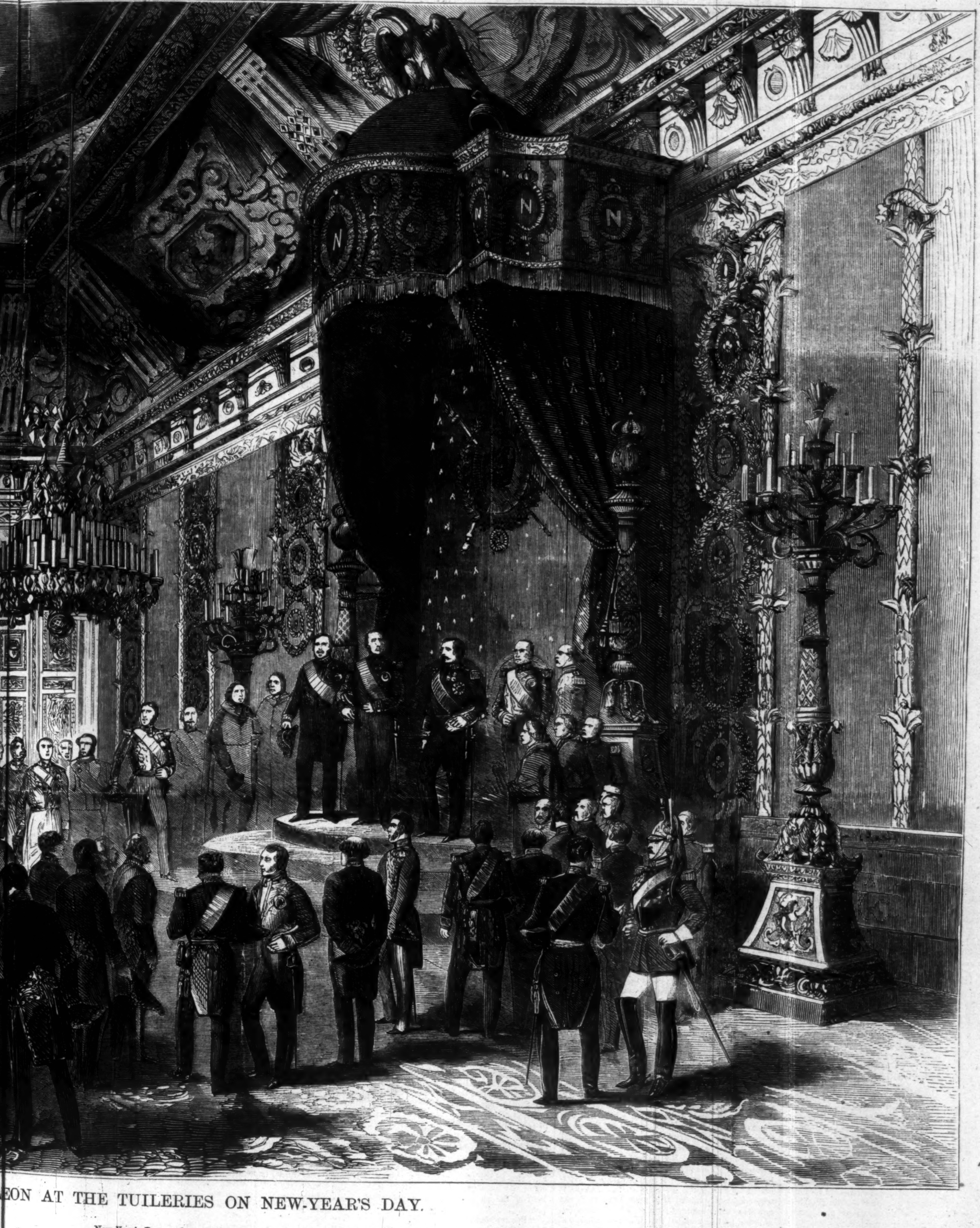
THE RECEPTION BY THE EMPEROR NAPOLE

THE RECEPTION AT THE TUILERIES ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

On New-Year's Day the Emperor Napoleon the Third convulsed the financial world of Europe and America by receiving Baron Hubner, the Austrian Minister, with a sharp quip instead of the formal New Year's compliment. The Emperor regretted—so the newspapers say—that the relations of France with Austria were not as good as they had been. As it is possible that war and all its consequences may grow out of the complications of which the unusual remark was an incidental symptom, we have thought our readers would like to see the scene. Should the liberation of Italy result from the contest to which the Emperor's speech appears to have been intended as a prelude, the accompanying engraving will rise to the dignity of historic art.

The custom of receiving foreign embassadors and ministers of state at the Tuileries on New-Year's Day has always been observed by French sovereigns. Strange to say, the first visitors of the day, under the reign of the Citizen King, were not unfrequently deputations of trades-people, among whom washer-women and market girls—*femmes de la halle*—were used to predominate. In those days the King sought democratic popularity; the officers of the ceremonies were instructed to introduce to the royal presence any deputation, however ragged and dirty, provided they were *bona fide* representatives of any well-defined category of the citizens of France.

Under his majesty the Emperor, washer-women, *dames de la halle*, barbers, and *chiffoniers* enjoy less liberty. It is not considered necessary to receive them at the Tuileries. Whatever civilities it is deemed prudent to grant to them are awarded privately, out of sight of the titled aristocracy. On



EON AT THE TUILERIES ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

New-Year's Day, and on similar grand occasions, the Court of the French Emperor yields in no respect to the oldest court of Europe. Around the Emperor stand, first, his blood relations, and next, the principal ministers of state. He stands on an elevated platform, overlooking the whole room. The visitor is put to the inconvenience of marching up to the foot of the platform on which the throne is erected, and there making his obeisance, uttering his complimentary speech, and receiving the monarch's reply. Never, even at a court in Siam or Cochin China, has foreign diplomatist been put at a greater disadvantage. Never has imperial ill-breeding been more manifest. Never has our common manhood endured a severer shock.

If the famous speech to Baron Hubner should, in reality, prove the first symptom of a war between Piedmont and Austria, ending in the expulsion of the latter from Italy, we outside barbarians, who look to practical results, and care little about outside forms, will be inclined to forgive the priggism of the Emperor of the French. Italian freedom would be cheaply purchased at the self-imposed degradation of a few embassadors.

But if the speech of the 1st January should turn out to have meant nothing; if we should have to record, once more, that the French sovereign has trifled with the feelings of a noble people, and made sport of the sympathies of the civilized world, for no other reason than to create a sensation, and divert popular opinion from the career of despotism which he is pursuing, the judgment of the world will be very different, and not a few will sneer, with perfect justice, at the absurd affectation of ceremony and old *régime* frivolities by the notorious parvenu Louis Napoleon.

One of the London papers calculates that the decline in the value of public stocks caused by the speech was equal to £60,000,000: the real injury would be under-estimated at twice this sum.

POUDRE ROSE.

CHAPTER I.

A dark wintry day, in the year of grace 1839, was closing upon the final scene of one of those tragedies of real life which would be affecting, were they not, in France at least, of such everyday occurrence. Eugène Beaudésert, the direct representative of a long line of courtiers, warriors, diplomatists, commencing with the Merovingian kings, and now for some time schoolmaster in Lyon, was dying in a mean apartment *au troisième* of a house in an obscure street of that wealthy and splendid city. It was no longer ago than the month of September, 1803, that the birth of Eugène Beaudésert, the first-born of a distinguished general of that name, and Estelle, his wife, *née* Bresson, a rich heiress of Paris, was celebrated in that city with much pomp and *éclat*. Clouds quickly overgrew and darkened the brilliant future that seemed to await the child. General Beaudésert was killed at Marengo; and soon after the guardianship of the last male scion of the ancient house of Beaudésert was transferred to his aunt, Madame de Vautpré. She discharged her self-imposed duties, every body agreed, in the most liberal, exemplary manner. Eugène Beaudésert's education was conducted by the first masters; his purse was supplied without stint or grudge; and he had but just completed his eighteenth year, when Madame la Baronne obtained the high favor and honor of a commission in the *Garde Royale* for her fortunate nephew. Eugène Beaudésert was in his twentieth year, when he contracted against his aunt's will a marriage with the pretty daughter of a Paris shopkeeper.

Madame la Baronne de Vautpré was informed of the marriage of Eugène Beaudésert with Adrienne Champfort by a long and eloquent letter from the bridegroom; to which an immediate answer was returned, inclosing a draft for ten thousand francs, and briefly stating that Madame de Vautpré wished Monsieur and Madame Beaudésert happiness, in the state of life they had chosen for themselves; but, as Monsieur Beaudésert had been timely and emphatically warned would be the case, Madame de Vautpré no longer looked upon that gentleman as her nephew, or as one possessing the slightest further claim upon her.

Thus, step by step, poverty came upon the rash couple; the poverty, armed with serpent stings, that treads upon the heels of reckless self-gratification, and which, but for Captain Champfort's pension—a rather considerable one for his position, he being an inferior member of the Legion of Honor—would soon have been destitution; for Eugène Beaudésert, with all his wordy disdain of birth-privileges, persisted in keeping himself fiercely aloof from the contamination of *useful* employments, and none other were obtainable.

In 1836, Eugène, roused to spasmodic exertion, left his wife and youngest child Clarisse at Clichy, and set out on foot with his daughter, dreamy Adrienne, for the Château d'Em, where Madame de Vautpré had for some years constantly resided, determined upon one more effort—if not to regain her good-will, at least to wrest from her by importunity the means of modest existence. His aunt refused to see him, and returned his letters unopened; wearied out at length, as well as seriously warned by the authorities, that to persist in his annoyance of Madame la Baronne de Vautpré, would bring unpleasant consequences upon himself, he—by the advice of a new friend, Jules Delpech, at whose house, distant about a league from the château, he had taken up his temporary abode—hired an apartment in the Rue du Bac, Lyon. There he fell suddenly ill; the long fever of despair had at length consumed the golden oil of life, and the *sœur de charité*, whose mission of mercy took her to that poor abode, saw that yet a few hours and the divine lamp would expire on earth. Having clearly possessed herself of the melancholy story, sister Agnes lost no time in endeavoring to secure the good offices of the Abbé Morlaix, who, she knew, was the confessor of Madame de Vautpré, reputedly one of the most devout ladies of France. This was not a difficult task; and the abbé, first visiting the moribund, hastened at once to the great lady's presence. Never was the abbé's sonorous eloquence more vigorously exerted; and as he, with the authority of a church of which Madame de Vautpré was a fanatical adherent, entreated, menaced, commanded, her obduracy and pride of heart, insensible to the pleadings of humanity, yielded to religious terrors; before the interview terminated, it was settled that all money could do to avert or delay the stroke of the destroyer was to be essayed; and that, should her nephew not recover, his eldest daughter, Adrienne, was to be received at the Chateau d'Em, avowedly as Madame de Vautpré's heiress. One condition, however, was peremptorily insisted upon, which was, that Adrienne should be separated from her family, who would be permitted to see her once only in each year; the mother and sister to be paid a yearly pension of four thousand francs during Madame de Vautpré's pleasure, which meant so long as they and Adrienne rigorously complied with the condition of separation from each other. This arrangement Eugène Beaudésert readily though ungraciously acquiesced in—I mean, that he neither felt nor affected gratitude for the tardy and fear-extorted concession—and he commanded his reluctant daughter to comply therewith when he was gone, as she valued his blessing and her mother and sister's welfare.

Of that young girl—of Adrienne Beaudésert, the orphan—I have not as yet spoken, though it is around her the interest of this narrative will mainly gather. It will, however, be only necessary in this place to premise that Adrienne Beaudésert will be thirteen on her next birthday, that she is well formed and tall of her age, and that her now death-pale complexion, eyes swollen and red with weeping, loose untended hair, obscure a beauty as exquisite as that of her mother at the same age; while even through that clouding vail of tears and terror, the infantine candor, the faith—how shall I express myself?—the simple trustfulness, verging upon credulity, that marks her character, is strikingly apparent.

CHAPTER II.

The prayers are done; the holy oil has dried upon the forehead of the anointed, tenantless clay, by the side whereof Adrienne Beaudésert is lying in a stupor of despair, which the nurse, gliding noiselessly about the room, does not think it prudent to disturb. We also will depart, following the abbé, who goes straight to the Château d'Em. The face of Madame la Baronne de Vautpré whitens visibly through the thick rouge, as she listens to the reverend man's tidings; and the moment his voice ceases she hastens to place in his hands a large sum to be expended in masses for the dead man's soul.

The funeral was one of the most imposing, it was on all hands agreed, the *Pompes Funèbres* had got up for many years. The catafalque, especially, was magnificent; so much so, that the crowded congregation were divided in opinion as to which was most solemn and effective—it, the catafalque, or the Abbé Morlaix's funeral oration, grounded upon the Scripture verse, "Whoso breaketh a hedge, a serpent shall bite him." Upon Adrienne Beaudésert's heart the words of the abbé smote like so many sword-stabs aimed at her dead father, exciting in the mind of the wounded, sensitive girl a feeling of resentment toward the reverend orator, not, unhappily, to be soon or easily effaced. Of all the obsequious attendants surrounding her there was not one who felt, or successfully assumed to feel, the slightest sympathy with her bitter grief. It was the less surprising, therefore—terribly indecorous in the heiress of Madame de Vautpré as it might be—that, upon recognizing her father's friend, Jules Delpech, in the great crowd, Mademoiselle Beaudésert darted away from her *entourage*, and threw herself, sobbing violently, into the gray-headed man's arms. She was, of course, promptly plucked back to her proper place in the procession, and a few minutes afterward driven rapidly off to her future residence, the Château d'Em. Jules Delpech seemed to be not a little disconcerted, as well as astonished, at so sudden and public a demonstration of the young lady's regard; but the first flurry over, the emotion it excited, colored, shaped, by an elastic, sanguine imagination, assumed a hopeful, brilliant hue, as those telescopic eyes of his, descried the yet distant possibilities suggested by such pregnant facts as Mademoiselle Beaudésert's partiality or respect for himself so openly manifested; the well-remembered and marked partiality evinced toward Paul, his young and handsome son, by the unsophisticated heiress of an ailing lady long since past her grand climacteric, when she, the heiress, was domiciled with her father at his cottage, furnishing, with minor collateral facts or fancies, ample material for castle-building. The subtle brain of Jules Delpech was glowing, palpitating with the crowding images it had conjured up by the time he reached his own door; whence, looking upward in the direction of the Château d'Em, it seemed to him that the central tower of the splendid pile, high overtopping the intervening belt of forest trees, looked haughtily and contemptuously down upon the lowly hut whose habitant dared to lift himself even in imagination to that lordly eminence! "For all that," muttered the white lips of Jules Delpech, as he entered his cottage and closed the door, "worse cards than we hold have won as great a game. 'What,' said the great orator of the Mountain, 'is the secret and condition of an else impossible success?—*de l'audace, et encore de l'audace*'—and *moral* audacity, where failure incurs no peril, niggard nature has *not* denied me."

Jules Delpech was a *capitaine de douanes en retraite*, or, as we say, a superannuated officer of customs. His retiring pension was a small one; but the cottage in which he lived, and about three acres of adjoining land, were his own by inheritance; and as both himself and his son—a really fine lad, about three years older than Adrienne Beaudésert, of pleasant manners and somewhat superior education—were sufficiently skillful and industrious cultivators, the retired *douanier* was looked upon, and really was, for his social status, a thriving, prosperous man. Madame Delpech, in brief, ostensibly an herbalist, had for many years derived an income, though of no very considerable amount, probably, from the practice of a species of charlatanism common in the French rural districts—that of selling to simple rustics, and not unfrequently to as simple-minded town-folk, certain charms, love-powders, vegetable preservatives of various kinds from harm, spiritual or corporeal, and magical compounds wherewith to compel the favor, else despaired of, of some obdurate Jeannette or Jeannot, as the case might be. One of those love-charms, called *poudre rosé*, had from some accidental coincidence attained so wide a celebrity as to engage the attention of the Correctional Police Court of Lyon, a distinction which had the effect of compelling the cheating old beldam to be more discreet and wary in the sale of her magical wares, and more particularly of colored bean-meal, *alias* poudre rosé, at the rate of five francs the half-ounce. This nefarious traffic was, as I have intimated, at all events ostensibly, publicly repudiated by the retired officer of customs, albeit it was confidently hinted that upon more than one occasion, when tempted by a sufficiently considerable fee, he had violated that wise resolution, and dispensed his mother's nostrums—especially the poudre rosé—with the best effect.

At the Château d'Em grew, in guileless simplicity of heart and mind, Adrienne Beaudésert; Madame de Vautpré continuing the while toward her the stately courtesy, the regulated, unvarying kindness which she had from the first imposed upon herself. Madame la Baronne never went into society, nor encouraged visitors at the château. Adrienne's education in the accomplishments of music, painting, history, foreign languages, etc., was intrusted to the sisters of an Ursuline convent in the neighborhood, whither and back she was daily escorted in a carriage; and the only male persons, except servants and M. Morlaix, with whom she ever held the slightest converse, were Jules Delpech and his son Paul, one or the other of whom she was pretty sure to meet whenever she ventured—never without a watchful attendant—beyond the château grounds. They had always a very respectful, yet, as it were, kindly familiar greeting for her; and handsome Paul—it was impossible that Mademoiselle Beaudésert, slightly impressionable as she was in that direction, could help remarking that he was a very handsome young fellow—had often a fresh bouquet to present, whatever was the season of the year.

But it was not such love as that with which Paul Delpech had the vanity to believe he had inspired the girl-heiress, that, by the time she touched upon her sixteenth birthday, had banished every tinge of color from the drooping maiden's cheek, light from her eyes, wasted her finely rounded form, and still burned in her veins with the fever of a consuming passion. Adrienne Beaudésert, child or girl of exquisite sensibility, was, be it remembered, morally isolated in her relative's magnificent abode, with no one to love, and beloved by none; the aching void thus created becoming, with every passing day, more completely monopolized, filled to bursting by the imaged memories of her mother and sister; of that tender mother, that sweet sister, who so fully reciprocated her gushing, passionate love; but whom she was only permitted to see once in each dreary year, and in the constraining presence of Madame la Baronne; to correspond with only at stated intervals, and under the same chilling supervision. Adrienne's heart beat wildly, rebelliously, against those cruel, unnatural restraints; and who at all conversant with poor human nature, will feel surprise that, finding her aunt inexorable, callous, deaf to her tears, entreaties, prayers, the indignant girl began to listen with kindling eyes and glowing cheeks to remarks upon Madame de Vautpré's fast-failing health, hating herself the while, as she afterward declared, for the involuntary feeling revealed in those keenly-marked, tell-tale signs; that in moments of great irritation, words of the like significance, eagerly caught up, repeated, exaggerated, distorted, escaped her lips; or that, after a last, supreme effort, preceded by sets of prayers, gone through as if they were so many incantations—votive garlands, suspended upon statues of the Virgin and saints—to shake Madame de Vautpré's fixed resolve, had failed, the girl with much less excuse, because with more deliberation, poured forth her passionate feelings to her mother in writing? This letter she thought to have sent off surreptitiously, but the treachery of the servant to whom it was intrusted, placed in the hands of M. Morlaix all the griefs, resentments, hopes, and anticipations by which her mind was distracted. The abbé was profoundly disturbed upon reading the intercepted letter; and immediately sending for Mademoiselle Beaudésert, sternly upbraided her with the black ingratitude displayed in the sinful effusion she had dared to pen; dwelt especially upon the heinous crime of but *imagining* the death of her kind relative and benefactress; concluding with a solemn warning that one of God's heaviest judgments was to curse the wicked with the fulfillment of their own evil wishes.

Adrienne Beaudésert was rebuked, humbled, terrified—but not softened or subdued, as she would have been to tears of deepest contrition, had but a few words of kindness or compassion mingled with the abbé's stern homily. During these painful passages in Mademoiselle Beaudésert's girl-life, and indeed almost from the first day of her domiciliation at the Château d'Em, Jules Delpech had contrived to keep himself acquainted with all that passed there; and with the blind infatuation of a foregone conclusion, persisted in persuading himself, or trying to do so, that the change in Adrienne's personal appearance, her reported fits of moody melancholy, were solely attributable to a growing and invincible attachment to his son—an attachment that would perhaps be openly avowed when the tomb closed over Madame de Vautpré—an event which, he believed, would not be long waited for. Nor was this sinister belief or trust unfounded.

The elasticity of hope is in youth rarely completely crushed; and before many days had gone by Adrienne's brain was again busy with expedients for bringing about the family reconcilement upon which her mind was set with such morbid intensity; and all the more eagerly that the third annual visit of her relatives was close at hand. But the resources of tears, supplications, incantations, votive-offerings, having failed, what other device remained likely to insure a fortunate result? Mademoiselle Beaudésert was thus anxiously ruminating, when Lisette Meudon, a favorite and shrewd attendant, took occasion, while perfecting the transparent-thoughted young lady's dinner-toilet, to remark, with reference to a wedding soon to take place among the château servants, how extraordinary it was that *ce gros vieux Bonsard* should have won so easily the affections of young and pretty Fanchette Lenoir, who was, moreover, quite as well, if not better off, than he. "Certainly," she added with emphasis, "such a match could not have been brought about without the help of the poudre rosé, or similar magic compound."

"Poudre rosé!" murmured Adrienne, turning her unquiet, dreamy eyes upon the attendant; "I have heard that spoken of before. What are its real or supposititious virtues?"

"I can assure mademoiselle," replied Lisette, "that there is no supposition in the case. The poudre rosé is well known to possess extraordinary virtues, though I should not like Madame de Vautpré or the Abbé Morlaix, both of whom have unreasonable prejudices upon such matters, to hear me say so. For example, there was Marie Deveulle, a widow with a strong cast in her eyes, four small children, and not a liard's worth of property, who married, about a fortnight after she was seen to pay a sly visit to the late Madame Delpech, Jean Lucas, a good-looking young farmer, and one of the most prosperous in the commune. It must be admitted that nothing short of very marvelous magic could have accomplished such a marriage as that. For my part," added Lisette, "I should feel no scruple, if an opportunity occurred— But I am fatiguing mademoiselle."

"Not at all, Lisette; you interest me, on the contrary. How is this precious poudre rosé administered?"

"Nothing more simple, mademoiselle. The prescribed quantity is placed in a glass of wine, a cup of coffee—no matter what. The wine or coffee is then handed—let us, by way of illustration, suppose—to Jean Lucas by Marie Deveulle, she looking her *futur* smilingly in the face all the while; he drinks, and the affair is finished. Certainly there can be no such great harm in all that, even if every body, with the exception of Madame la Baronne and Monsieur Morlaix, deceive themselves as to the wonderful powers of the poudre rosé."

"No harm, as you say, Lisette, if no good. And is it not said to be equally efficacious in reconciling enmities—between, for example, estranged relatives?"

"Oh yes, mademoiselle; I could tell you of several such instances—of one particularly, where—"

Lisette's instances were cut short by the last summons of the dinner-bell. But the interesting colloquy was renewed the next day, when the wily confidante succeeded, if not in persuading Mademoiselle Beaudésert into an absolute belief in the miraculous properties of the poudre rosé, to at least consult Delpech *père* upon the subject. "My father's friend," thought Adrienne, "who will be sure to deal frankly with me. My grandmamma," she added, aloud, "had great faith in such charms. Still, I can hardly— But, as you say, Lisette, there can be no possible harm in making the trial." And, her scruples thus silenced, the rash girl sat down to write a note appointing a private interview with Delpech on the morrow, at a place indicated by Lisette, and not very distant from the château.

"*Paul* Delpech, mademoiselle," hastily interposed the waiting-woman, as her unsuspecting mistress was about to address the note.

"Yes, certainly. I had it in my head, as I told you, that Paul was the son's name; but of course you know. You will keep this perhaps foolish matter profoundly secret," she added, as Lisette was leaving the room.

"Secret as the grave," replied the young woman, quickly, and with averted face, lest Adrienne should see the triumph flashing there. "Delpech himself shall not suspect that I am aware of the contents of this note. Mademoiselle may fully rely upon me."

"Here is the *assignation*, monsieur," said Lisette Meudon, about an hour afterward, addressing Jules Delpech. "You turn pale and tremble very much," she presently added. "There is, I hope, nothing more meant by this frolic than what I know of?"

"Nothing—nothing, Lisette," replied Delpech, fumbling in his purse with shaking fingers for some gold pieces and placing them in her ready palm. "And when the wedding takes place, yours with Claude Simonet—if a fat dowry can win the old man's consent—will not be far off."

"That is well understood, Monsieur Delpech. But tell me why," added the young woman, still under the influence of a suddenly awakened feeling of distrust, "if you are so positive Mademoiselle Beaudésert has a decided *penchant* for your handsome son, are you so anxious to compromise her by these pretended assignations? As to the poudre rosé pretense, that, excuse me, is as absurd as the faith of the credulous fools about here in its wonder-working powers."

"You err, Lisette," replied Delpech. "If Mademoiselle Beaudésert once partakes of some wine tinctured with poudre rosé, in Paul's presence, I shall have no fear that the wedding will be long delayed after Madame la Baronne has taken her place in the vaults of the Church of the Assumption."

"That may be, Monsieur Delpech; but you know Mademoiselle Beaudésert will never do any thing of the kind, just as well as I do that you dare not propose it to her. I have no misgivings upon that point. Mademoiselle is as sensitive and proud as she is pure and simple-hearted. Still," added Lisette, one of that numerous class of persons whose aid in evil purposes may, for a sufficiently tempting reward, be counted upon to a certain extent, but no further; "still it occurs to me that if you really are so confident—"

"I will be frank with you, Lisette Meudon," interrupted Delpech, swallowing the rage he felt at the woman's persistence. "I saw Madame la Baronne a few days since: she is going fast; Mademoiselle Beaudésert will soon and suddenly find herself in a dazzling position, which now she can have no just idea of. Her mother, a woman of the world, will be with her—parasites, flatterers, suitors innumerable will crowd about her. All this may turn her head. It is prudent, therefore, to strengthen Paul's hold upon her fancy by these little compromising arts, which, when one is prompted by a laudable ambition, are, you will agree, perfectly permissible."

"Perhaps. However, I do not see that any great harm can accrue. The marriage-portion," added Lisette, opening and holding the door in her hand; "the marriage-portion, Monsieur Delpech will do well to remember, should he succeed in his audacious project, must be a liberal one, and legally secured *before* the grand wedding takes place."

"Precisely, *ma fille*. Paul and myself, moreover, will owe you a large debt of gratitude for your services and silence."

"*Chut, chut!* I look to be rewarded by money, not moonshine, Monsieur Delpech."

"Claude Simonet," said Jules Delpech, with a wry grimace, meant for a complimentary smile, "Claude Simonet won't be the father of fools, if his children take after his pretty wife."

"He won't, in that case, be the father of *dupes*," was the retort; "a fact which, I repeat, the Delpechs, father and son, will do well to bear in mind. *Bonjour*, monsieur."

"*Au plaisir*, Mademoiselle Meudon," responded Jules Delpech; adding, with a savage snap of his teeth as the door closed, "The insolent hussy! I should like, instead of a dowry, to accommodate her with a—" *What*, he did not say; but one might have sworn from his looks it was something which Lisette Meudon would have decidedly demurred to as the substitute for a handsome marriage-portion.

The child-heart of Adrienne Beaudésert beat violently, and a vague feeling of terror so oppressed her, upon approaching the appointed rendezvous on the following day, that she was upon the point of turning back and abandoning her purpose. "It was the last effort," she afterward said, "of my guardian angel to draw me back from the precipice to which I was madly hastening. It was made in vain. I shook off the warning impulse, bade the valet remain where he was for a few minutes, and hastened on."

Jules Delpech would have made a capital actor, if one might judge by his natural assumption of surprise and deferential interest, as Mademoiselle Beaudésert, blushing and painfully agitated, stood before him. It was some time before he appeared able to even dimly make out her meaning from the confused, hurried sentences in which it was expressed. At last he seemed to catch it, but still uncertainly.

"Mademoiselle Beaudésert wishes to know of me if there is any truth in the reported marvels effected by the poudre rosé. Do I rightly comprehend her?"

"Yes, that is the question I wish to put; and if—if; but perhaps it is all an idle tale."

"It is *not* an idle tale," replied Delpech, with well-sembled gravity and earnestness. "The miraculous properties of the poudre rosé have been proved over and over again; but mademoiselle is, perhaps, not aware that to dispense it is to act in contravention of the law, though not of morality?"

"Oh no, I had not thought of that; and I would not for the world that—"

"If mademoiselle," interrupted Delpech, "will tell me frankly for what purpose she requires the poudre rosé, the wish to serve a daughter of the noble-minded victim who once honored me with the name of friend, will, if I see a probability of doing so effectively, render me indifferent to any legal penalties I may incur."

"Ah! monsieur," said Adrienne, her soft eyes filling with tears at the allusion to her father, "it is because you were *his* friend that I wished to consult you, knowing that I should not be either deceived or exposed to ridicule. I have a fancy to try the effect of poudre rosé upon—upon Madame de Vautpré."

"Madame de Vautpré!" ejaculated Jules Delpech, in a tone and with a start that would not have disgraced Talma; "Madame de Vautpré! For what purpose, in the name of Heaven?"

Adrienne explained; Jules Delpech the while, as she subsequently recalled to mind, though too agitated and confused at the moment to appreciate its strange significance—Jules Delpech, I say, gazing the while into her eyes with a piercing intensity, as if more desirous of reading there the secret of her soul than of listening to the words of her mouth.

"I understand you, Mademoiselle Beaudésert," said Delpech, with slow, stage-solemnity of speech. "The poudre rosé *will* effect your purpose in giving it to Madame de Vautpré."

"Seriously, I am so glad; for, do you know, Monsieur Delpech, I felt almost sure that you would say it was a childish, absurd illusion."

"When shall I place it in mademoiselle's hands?" inquired Delpech.

"To-morrow, if you please, at this place and hour."

"Be it so, mademoiselle. I will be punctual and *silent*."

"Almost a woman, and a charming one, too, in person," muttered Delpech, looking after Mademoiselle Beaudésert as she hurried back to where she had left the valet; "in mind, the veriest child! The amiable Ursulines may prepare their pupils very well for heaven, but certainly they do not succeed in fitting them to deal with this wicked world. After all, Paul will make her an excellent husband; and if, which is quite possible, we have deceived ourselves as to the young lady's partiality for him, or at least that it is so decided as to induce her to stoop to a union with him from the height whereon a very few days, or I err greatly, will see her placed, it will require the iron link which I have so successfully begun to forge, to coerce and bind her prideful will. As yet, at all events, I can say *beau jeu, bien joué*; and, best of all, should our audacious project, as it may be truly called, fail, neither Paul nor I shall be seriously compromised, as I will manage. But it will not, *can not* fail."

Madame Beaudésert and her daughter Clarisse had passed the stipulated number of hours at the Château d'Em, and were seated at breakfast with Madame de Vautpré, M. Morlaix, and Adrienne; which repast concluded, the two visitors would be conveyed, in a carriage already in waiting, to the *Messageries Royales*, Lyon, *en route* for Clichy. M. Morlaix could not help remarking that Adrienne was very much more restless, perturbed, ill at ease, than on the like former occasions. And why were the burning eyes of the pale, agitated girl turned with such intense, sudden scrutiny upon Madame de Vautpré's countenance when Madame and Clarisse Beaudésert handed chocolate to that lady? Was it that Adrienne's solicitude was awakened by the signs of recent and severe suffering visible there, for Madame de Vautpré had passed a much worse night than usual, and at her own request had received the sacrament soon after rising?

The abbé would fain have believed so, but could not, knowing what he did. It was rather, he greatly feared, that that young and, as he once thought, guileless, unworldly heart was agitated by criminal hopes, which those signs of probably mortal disease had quickened and inflamed.

A harsh but perhaps not unnatural judgment! Poor Adrienne's criminal hopes were, in sooth, limited to the magical effect produced by the poudre rosé. Certainly, Madame de Vautpré's demeanor was more gracious toward her mother and sister than on former occasions; and—unhoped-for condescension!—suffering and feeble as she was, Madame la Baronne would accompany them down the grand stairs to the entrance-hall; had shaken hands with Madame Beaudésert, and was about, apparently, to embrace Clarisse, when she suddenly staggered, caught wildly at vacancy, and fell heavily upon the tesselated pavement, before a hand could be stretched forth to save her. A medical gentleman, who had resided for several weeks at the château, was quickly on the spot, and opened a vein; a few drops of dark blood flowed, and, at the end of a few breathless minutes, the man of science announced, in a grave whisper, that Madame de Vautpré was dead—dead of apoplexy!

"Apoplexy! You are certain, of apoplexy?" said the abbé, addressing the surgeon, but with his stern glance fixed upon Adrienne's changing countenance, till she, overcome by a rush of contending emotion, lost her senses, and sank, with a low moaning cry, into her mother's arms.

CHAPTER III.

TOWARD evening on the same day, and while Adrienne was still in a manner stunned by the suddenness and magnitude of the event which had changed the aspect of her life, she received a message from the Abbé Morlaix, requesting to see her immediately, and alone. She obeyed the summons, and divined its meaning the moment she was in the abbé's presence. He wore his priest's stole; and a velvet cushion had been placed beside his chair.

"I have sent for you, Adrienne Beaudésert," said he, "on this day in which He, in whose hands are the issues of life and death, has visited this house with such sudden judgment, in the hope, the confidence, that, at such a solemn moment, you will not refuse or delay to lay bare your whole heart to God."

The abbé's words and tone wounded the susceptibility of the young girl, who, with the *hauteur* inspired by conscious purity and innocence, answered that she had no present intention of placing herself under Monsieur l'Abbé Morlaix's spiritual superintendence. The abbé was enraged beyond all bounds by such a reply, and in the first movement of his anger gave partial vent to the dreadful suspicions that had arisen in his mind. Mademoiselle Beaudésert only appeared to comprehend in his angry, menacing language and reproach, that she rejoiced at the death of Madame de Vautpré; and even that was too much for her shaken strength; and again losing consciousness, as in the morning, she would have fallen on the floor but for the dismayed and bewildered abbé. Directly assistance came M. Morlaix left the room, and soon afterward the château, to seek counsel as to what course, under the circumstances, he was bound to pursue.

Whatever that counsel may have been remained unknown to those whom it must have chiefly concerned, since it was not, visibly, at least, developed in action. The routine of the château went on as usual; and on the appointed day the corpse of Madame la Baronne de Vautpré was borne in state to the vaults of the Church of the Assumption, to be laid by the side of that of her nephew. The funeral display was yet more splendid—the catafalque more gorgeously emblematic of the dignity that lay rotting beneath its imposing upholstery, the crowd more dense, the oration more effective than on the former occasion; albeit the essentials of the show were identically the same in both cases: the same catafalque, only more splendidly bedizened; the same crowd in larger numbers; the same oration from the same text, "Whoso breaketh a hedge, a serpent shall bite him;" skillfully amplified to include certain special admonitions, which found their way to at least one conscience, if it might be fairly so inferred from the convulsive sobbing of, ostensibly, the chief mourner among that throng of seeming mourners! The spectators whispered to each other that Mademoiselle Beaudésert was more violently affected than at her father's funeral; and some others, of the more observing sort, noticed that Jules Delpech, present with his son Paul, was again recognized by Madame de Vautpré's grand-niece, as she left the church; but this time with a start, shudder, a crimson suffusion of face and neck, rendered more striking by the instantly recurring paleness. What might that mean, coupled with the flashing looks interchanged by the father and son?

The death-rites duly celebrated, the affairs of life regained regard and prominence; and it was found that the large possessions of Madame la Baronne de Vautpré were secured to Adrienne Beaudésert, clogged by one condition only, that whosoever she married was to assume the name of Beaudésert; and it was also provided that during Adrienne's minority, Cardinal Retz and the Abbé Morlaix were to have a certain control over her expenditure—M. Morlaix to reside of right, during that period, at the Château d'Em, and to receive for life the same *honoraires* as had been paid him by the testatrix. The instruments by which the property was thus devolved had been executed only about three months previously.

The brilliant future that had so long eluded the grasp and mocked the hopes of Madame Beaudésert was at last more than realized, to her exuberant delight, unbounded exultation; and it was not very long before the dark, fitful fancies that haunted the imagination of mademoiselle, her daughter, were chased away, or superseded by the excitement attendant upon the novel and dazzling position to which Madame la Baronne's death had raised her.

After three months' enjoyment of home splendors, however, *ennui* began to arise, and a lengthened tour was projected by the ladies, through Switzerland and Italy.

During those three months the Delpechs had made no demonstration whatever. The father's timidity of temperament had operated to suspend the blow, the possible recoil of which might bring about his own destruction. *Might*—yes; but not if his brain retained its mastering, guiding power. After all, nothing *could* be wanting to insure success but *l'audace, et encore de l'audace.*

"*Sacre bleu!* yes; we know that very well," sullenly exclaimed Paul, who had heard that soliloquy, or one very like it, a hundred times before; "but when the moment of action arrives your heart is to be found in your shoes, if any where. It was worth while, truly, to venture so far, only to stop short when the prize was in sight—within hand-clutch, as you well know! Not long to remain so," added the young man, bitterly, "for it is quite certain the Beaudéserts leave France for one, perhaps two years; but whether one or two, mademoiselle will not return, we may fully assure ourselves, says Lisette Meudon—the confiding simpleton she is, or, more correctly, has been."

"You have seen Lisette Meudon?"

"I *have* seen Lisette Meudon, who, through me, returns the three Napoleons you once *lent* her, with her compliments, and a polite intimation that, for the future, she must decline the honor of our acquaintance."

"The insolent baggage!"

"That polite and peremptory intimation," continued Paul, "did not prevent her from condoling with me upon the sad blight to my hopes caused by the discovery that Mademoiselle Beaudésert cares no more for my fascinating self than for any other of the country clods upon which the light of her countenance may have occasionally fallen."

"And what, pray, may be the meaning of all that insolence?"

"The meaning is plain enough: la demoiselle Meudon, thanks to the powerful interposition of her mistress, will be Madame Claude Simonet in a day or two; elevated, therefore, above our position in life—and, *cent diables!* that is true, too," added Paul Delpech, with an explosion of savage temper.

"True! Surely, Paul—"

"True—yes, certainly it is true," interrupted the son, with a heat inflamed by the liquor he had been drinking; "but it shall not be for long. Hear, now, my unalterable resolve, if you please, Sir. Having striven so far, having sunk so deep, I at least will not hesitate at the final leap or plunge; and since you will not evoke the power you have acquired over Adrienne Beaudésert, I will do so myself; and but a few hours shall have passed before that young lady is made to thoroughly understand that the sole choice left her is between marriage with Paul Delpech and public exposure, followed by shameful death!"

"You would fail, Paul—utterly fail," trembled from the ashen lips of Jules Delpech. "I—I, since you are so resolved, will set about the—the business at once—by letter, first—obscure, preparatory hints, awakening preludes to the else overwhelming thunder-burst. Don't you think it will be best so, Paul?"

"As you please; only, if possible, get rid of your coward fears. A bold, determined throw *must* win; but a shaking hand will lose both fortune and fair lady, skillfully as the dice have been loaded."

Thus urged, Jules Delpech managed to screw his courage to the sticking-place; and Mademoiselle Beaudésert, while busied with preparations for the impending journey, was surprised and startled at receiving several brief notes—not disrespectfully phrased, but indirectly menacing in tone, subscribed D. "D!" thought Adrienne—a child disporting itself in a parterre of gorgeous flowers, from amidst which a serpent suddenly uprears its flaming crest, delaying only to strike—"D! that must mean Delpech. What can *he* require of me? What shall I do?"

It was difficult to say. Lisette was unfortunately absent—just set off upon a wedding-trip to her relatives in Paris; and after considerable hesitation, arising from an unacknowledged dread lest the vague, shadowy terrors which the letters had excited in her own mind, should, were those letters submitted to the clearer, stronger, vision of others, assume tangible shape and substance, Adrienne Beaudésert determined upon showing them to her mother and sister.

"How absurdly nervous you are, Adrienne!" said Madame Beaudésert, after running them over. "The man of whom you, silly goose, obtained that precious poudre rosé, wants to be handsomely paid for his nostrum; but, from a wholesome dread of the law, does not choose to distinctly specify the nature of his demand. *Voilà tout, chère fille.*"

"I hope so," said Adrienne, only partly reassured; "and yet, would that Lisette were here; she should go and conclude the affair at once." Madame Beaudésert remarked that Lisette would be back again in quite sufficient time to attend to such a bagatelle; and changed the conversation to other topics.

Not, unhappy maiden, not to be so concluded even by clever and zealous Lisette, as the following note, received the next day, too plainly showed:

> "MADEMOISELLE BEAUDÉSERT,—I have already sent you three letters, which, though only signed by the initial letter of my surname, must have been perfectly intelligible to you, requesting an interview at an address inclosed. Has the elevation to which mademoiselle has been so suddenly raised, *precisely eight days after her interesting conference with me, seven after that with my son*, turned her brain, blinding her to the fatal consequences of a refusal to reward, in the only manner reward is possible, the love, the devotion—at what cost evinced Mademoiselle Beaudésert too well knows—of that son? I demand, then, for the last time, a strictly private interview with Mademoiselle Beaudésert, to take place within the next twenty-four hours. JULES DELPECH."

"What, *maman*—what mean those wild looks, this pale face?" gasped Adrienne, as her mother, having glanced over the letter, stood transfixed as by the stroke of a dagger. "Speak, or I—"

"My child—my precious innocent child," interrupted the mother, clasping, straining Adrienne in her embrace, with terrified, convulsive tenderness; "I see it, understand it all now. The villain of whom you had the—the poudre rosé, means, O God!—means to assert that you—you, beloved Adrienne—you, sweet, sinless child—knowingly obtained—obtained, under the pretense of poudre rosé, a drug of him to—to— O Father in heaven, can such things be?"

"What things?" exclaimed Clarisse. "Speak, mother. You are killing Adrienne."

"That—that Adrienne obtained a drug of him—to—to shorten the life of Madame de Vautpré."

With those words the flame-crested serpent leaped at Adrienne's throat, and life for a time forsook her. It was long before the distracted mother and sister could recall her to consciousness, and to what consciousness when successful? What else but this, that she, Adrienne Beaudésert, was the murderess of her relative and benefactress—in fact, though not, blessed be God! in purpose—that she held her life, and (minor, but still bitter consequence) the splendid position which had so lifted her up with pride, at the mercy of a miscreant whose forbearance could only be purchased, it seemed, by the abhorred pollution of a marriage. But no; she would die a thousand deaths first!

For all this, however, before the expiration of the stipulated twenty-four hours, a message reached Delpech to the effect that Mademoiselle Beaudésert wished to see him early in the forenoon of the morrow at the Château d'Em.

The hoary-headed conspirator did not fail to attend at the time appointed, sprucely attired, and prepared with a number of carefully-conned phrases in deprecation of the outburst of wrathful terror with which he expected to be assailed if the young lady or her mother had fathomed—and he could hardly believe they had *not* fathomed—the true purport of his menacing letters. "But the first flash of the tempest over," argued Jules Delpech, "the stern necessity of the—"

The current of his thoughts was checked, and he himself staggered back in dismay from before the apparition, as it were, of Adrienne Beaudésert, who, with her face the color of the loose white morning robe she wore, her hair in disorder, her eyes flaming with insane excitement, came swiftly toward him from a door which silently closed after her, grasped his arm, and, while perusing his countenance with intensest scrutiny, said, in low, rapid, earnest accents:

"I have consented to see you, Sir, not to defy, to curse you—human maledictions could not reach fiend-nature such as yours—but to say this: your object in inventing the horrible lie!—yes, lie, lie, lie!—with which you have sought to stab my life, is, must be, money. Well, confess that it *is* a lie; give me proof, easy for you, that it is one; proof that Madame de Vautpré died—as she *did* die—a natural death, and I will secure to you the half of all I possess! The half, did I say? All, all, will I give in exchange for unstained life—in redemption of my else lost soul!"

Adrienne's voice ceased, not so the fierce inquisition of her eyes; and Jules Delpech, amazed and shaken by the wild distraction of her speech and aspect, could with difficulty stammer out, in low, husky under-tones, that mademoiselle's own words betrayed a knowledge complete as his own—though not so much as hinted at in his letters of—of—the cause of Madame de Vautpré's death—of what the pretended poudre rosé really was.

As these words, slowly distilling from the man's poison-lips, fell upon Adrienne's ear, her erect, rigid form seemed to collapse, and presently tossing her arms distractedly in the air, she turned away with a scream of terror, made as if to flee from Delpech's presence, and was received in the embrace of her mother, who, with Clarisse, had been a trembling listener close without the door. Delpech, quite satisfied with his progress so far, now hastened to be gone; first, however, muttering to Madame Beaudésert that such violence and agitation were absurd, uncalled-for, as the profoundest secrecy would, of course, be observed—at all events till a definite understanding was arrived at; and that there was not, perhaps, one great family in all France whose private archives, if brought to light, would not reveal secrets of a similar kind.

Mademoiselle Beaudésert did not leave her bed for many days after this; and Delpech's negotiation with the wretched family at the château—M. Morlaix, as it happened, was, fortunately or unfortunately, absent in Paris—was carried on through her mother. The substantive position of the two parties, the Delpechs and Beaudéserts, was set forth by Jules Delpech at those interviews, with a quiet coolness, derived from the poor lady's panic-fears, that looked courageous, bold-faced ruffianism.

Madame Beaudésert has since frequently declared that while listening to Delpech's atrocious talk, she felt as in the actual presence of a fiend from the bottomless pit, specially commissioned to achieve the perdition, body and soul, of herself and children! Once or twice, indeed, the thought, piercing with momentary light the thick darkness, glanced across her mind that it was surely impossible a man, however reckless, who had really committed the dread crime of murder, could speak of it with that calm cynicism, prate so glibly of the awful penalty he, by his own showing—if that showing were true—had primarily incurred. But how to act upon that blessed hope? Write to already deeply prejudiced M. Morlaix, entreating his immediate return, and, upon his arrival, take counsel of his judgment, his knowledge of the ways of men, and, all too late, find Delpech's assertions confirmed! Impossible—utterly impossible to incur that tremendous risk—to desperately stake character, life, the innocent life of her child, upon that fearful issue!

Finally—for the suggestions of unreasoning fear prevailed, and Adrienne Beaudésert was at last subdued—terrorized into consenting to a compromise, by which it was settled that the civil and legally binding form of marriage was to be gone through by her and Paul Delpech—the blessing of the Church, unessential to the validity of the contract, she would not ask for such constrained, unnatural vows—immediately after which, and in accordance with the provisions of a solemn instrument subscribed and attested beforehand, the nominal wife and husband were to separate and remain strangers to each other forever. Adrienne—till such time as arrangements could be made, without attracting too much public attention, for her seclusion for life in a convent—to inhabit with her relatives one wing of the château—the Delpechs the other; and the disposition of the property was settled by the same document, which Jules Delpech drew up in imposing wordy form. It was formally executed, and the civil marriage, it was agreed, should take place on that day se'nnight.

In the mean time, it had been industriously set about that the seclusion of Mademoiselle Beaudésert, the anxiety and consternation observable in the demeanor of her mother and sister, were caused by the thwarted but obstinate determination of the young lady to wed one so far beneath her in station as Paul Delpech, with whom, it was asserted, she had all along been upon terms of secret lover-intimacy—one note addressed by her to the young man, appointing a private interview, had been seen by Madame Sabin, a most respectable person, well acquainted with her handwriting; and her impulsive, affectionate recognition of the elder Delpech amidst the crowd in the Church of the Assumption at her father's funeral, was cited as corroborative proof, if any were wanting, of the early, deep-rooted attachment which had gained strength and intensity with every day of her life! Scarcely any thing else would, one may be sure, be talked of or written about by the gossips in the vicinage of the Château d'Em; and it thus fell out that Madame Claude Simonet, or Lisette, as I may continue to call her, heard, in Paris, of the astounding marriage on the very day the same intelligence reached M. Morlaix; the immediate result being that Lisette and her husband, and the abbé met a few hours afterward at the bureau of the Lyon diligence, and were fellow, and exceedingly communicative, passengers during the journey homeward.

Instantly upon reaching the Château d'Em, M. Morlaix demanded an audience of Mademoiselle Beaudésert. It was peremptorily refused, in accordance with an understanding come to with the Delpechs; and the half demented abbé could only extract from Madame and Clarisse Beaudésert that Adrienne was determined upon the marriage, and would not suffer herself to be importuned upon the subject. M. Morlaix had next recourse to the lawyers, with equally disheartening result—the mother's consent, he was informed, being quite sufficient authorization of her daughter's marriage, however opposed to it the trustees of the De Vautpré property during Mademoiselle Beaudésert's nonage might be. Lisette was equally, and from the same cause, unsuccessful in her efforts to obtain speech of her former mistress, and much more ferociously enraged thereat. But what to the purpose could be effected even by her sharp eyes and sharper tongue? she not knowing, not being able even to guess at the true motives prompting Mademoiselle Beaudésert's consent to such a marriage. She, however, quickly undeceived good Madame Sabin, wife of the medical gentleman who attended Madame de Vautpré in her last illness, as to the note supposed to have been addressed to Paul Delpech by Adrienne Beaudésert, confessing with shame and ceaseless iteration, that that was her own scheming handiwork. Lisette, moreover, loudly proclaimed her determination to be present, *plût à Dieu*, at the Hôtel de Ville, and have some conversation with mademoiselle before the abominable ceremony was proceeded with.

The affair wore the same menacing aspect on the afternoon of the day preceding that which was to witness the successful consummation of the Delpech conspiracy. It was the month of September, and growing so dark that Adrienne Beaudésert, still prostrate as well in body as in mind, could no longer read the *accord* that, as already stated, had been drawn up and signed by the contracting parties, and which she had been perusing and reperusing, in order to more completely satisfy herself that its clauses had been so plainly framed that there could be no after-denial of their true purport and meaning. Madame and Clarisse Beaudésert were present; and the latter, more by way of breaking the silence by saying something than influenced by any serious apprehension, said:

"I suppose, dear Adrienne, that the condition of immediate separation, conceded and subscribed to by those tiger-hearted Delpechs, can, if necessary, be legally inforced?"

Lightning seemed to leap at the remark from Adrienne's darkened heavy eyes, and she glared at Clarisse as if the words had stabbed her. Mastering herself, she turned and hid her face in the pillows of the couch upon which she was reclining, was soon apparently asleep, and Madame Beaudésert withdrew with Clarisse upon tiptoe. They were no sooner gone than Adrienne started up, made her way quietly to the library, selected a Lyon directory, made a memorandum with her pencil, and then ringing the bell, desired the answering servant to have a close carriage in waiting at the back entrance to the château within ten minutes.

"La Rue St. Martin, Numéro 19—do you know it? The residence of M. l'Avocat Dufresne?" said Mademoiselle Beaudésert, in answer to the questioning bow of the coachman; and was immediately driven off.

M. l'Avocat Dufresne's new and interesting client was so thickly vailed and muffled up that, had she been personally known to him, he would have failed to recognize her, as she placed a heavy fee upon the table, and in a low, trembling voice recited the conditions of the signed accord, suppressing names, of course, and asked if such a pre-contract could be inforced against the possible opposition of the husband.

"Certainly not, mademoiselle. An accord, stipulating that a husband shall not be a husband, is not worth the ink consumed in writing it out. That is, no doubt, very well known to some, at least, of the parties that have subscribed such a document."

"Thank you, monsieur; that is all I require to know."

Adrienne's mind was made up from that moment, nor did she feel the slightest irresolution as to the course she would follow, lead her whithersoever it might; to a shameful death, there could be little doubt, for the baffled Delpechs would, in their rage, be sure to persist in accusing her of criminal complicity in their dreadful crime; and circumstances would, it was useless to attempt concealing from herself, give color and coherence to all they said. For all that, she would, and she exulted to think it was still possible to say she would now do her duty, leaving the result to God.

Adrienne sat up late that night, busily occupied in writing; slept soundly the first time for many days; and rising with the dawn, sent her packet of papers, Delpech's letters included, to the Abbé Morlaix. The three ladies breakfasted as usual in Adrienne's chamber; and Madame and Clarisse Beaudésert were both struck—shocked, almost, by the cheerfulness visible in the aspect of the supposed bride, on that, the hated, dreaded, marriage morning! Little, however, was said, and that little not relating to the matter pressing exclusively upon their minds, till a message was brought, announcing that the Messieurs Delpech were arrived, and waiting in the *grand salon*. It had been arranged, I should state, with the municipal authorities, that, in consideration of Mademoiselle Beaudésert's delicate state of health, the marriage formalities should be gone through at the château.

Madame Beaudésert and Clarisse, white, trembling in every limb with terror and horror, obeyed the implied summons; Adrienne promising to follow almost immediately. They found the two Delpechs, as stated, in the grand salon, both evidently in a state of great nervous excitement—the father more especially; and a moment after their own entrance, the Abbé Morlaix, with Lisette and her husband, came in from a further door. No sooner did Jules Delpech perceive the last comers, than, surprised out of all self-control, he made for the door by which he had entered, with the apparent purpose of escaping from the place, but found, to his thereby greatly increased consternation, that it was locked on the outside! "What can all this mean?" gleamed from his flurried eyes, and stood out in large drops upon his forehead, as he again, perforce, fronted the company, now increased by the silent entrance of Adrienne Beaudésert, who, pale, calm, lustrous as Parian marble, took a seat between her agitated mother and sister. It was difficult to interpret the expression of Lisette's flushed features, but that of the abbé's naturally stern countenance was unmistakably grave, earnest, solemn.

"What is the purport of all this dumb show?" exclaimed the younger Delpech, assuming, with some success, a front of defiance. "Where are the municipal officials? A priest is not required at these espousals!"

"There will be no espousals," replied the abbé, "between you, Paul Delpech, and Adrienne Beaudésert, now or hereafter."

"Ha! Does, then, Mademoiselle Beaudésert dare—dare, I say, refuse to ratify her promise?"

"Yes; she dares refuse—*does* refuse to do so, at the peril, you know, of her life. I know all, and from her.

This announcement elicited cries of terror and dismay from Madame and Clarisse Beaudésert; Paul Delpech champed a bitter malediction, and his fear-mastered father again distractedly essayed to open the door, close to which he had remained standing. Adrienne alone was calm, unmoved; but as for Lisette, she was only kept from instant and violent interference by a forbidding gesture from the abbé and her husband's eager remonstrance: "Doucement—doucement, bonne femme; thy turn will come presently, never fear!"

"It appears," resumed M. Morlaix, "from the papers I hold in my hand, that you, Jules and Paul Delpech, accuse Adrienne Beaudésert of having obtained of you a poisonous drug, named, for the occasion, poudre rosé, by which she destroyed the life of her aged relative, Madame de Vautpré. Is that so?"

"First, Monsieur l'Abbé," exclaimed Paul Delpech, whose natural audacity was sustained by drink, early as it was, "tell us by what right or authority you presume to ask such insolent questions?"

"I ask them in order to ascertain, before invoking justice, whether the horrible tale is or is not an invention."

"We shall say nothing," hastily interposed Delpech, Senior, forestalling his son's reply. He fancied the abbé was desirous of hushing up the matter after, if possible, relieving Mademoiselle Beaudésert's conscience of the burden that oppressed it. This thought gave him momentary courage.

"Are you aware that the punishment of the galleys awaits those who, for the sake of obtaining money or other advantages, invent and circulate false accusations?"

"*Prove* any accusation we have made to be false," retorted Paul Delpech; "and let me assure you, Monsieur l'Abbé, that you are playing with the life of your fair protégée. We should not, in any case, go to the scaffold alone, take my word for it."

"That is not so certain," replied the abbé, with unmoved sternness. "Your wicked design may have miscarried; in fact, it did miscarry—in proof whereof, I have to inform you that a post-mortem examination, performed, at my instance, within twenty-four hours of death, clearly established the fact that Madame de Vautpré died from natural causes only."

A cry, a shout, a scream of women echoed those blessed words: Adrienne was in a moment clinging to the reverend speaker's knees; Madame Beaudésert seemed inclined to cast herself into his arms; Lisette, in a state of intense inflammation, shook her little fists at the cowering Delpechs, prevented only from transforming her threats into deeds by Claude's fast hold of her skirt, and iterated, "Doucement—doucement, Lisette; it will be thy turn presently, never fear."

"Calm yourself, my child," said the abbé, as soon as he could make himself heard, and raising Adrienne, "and you, Madame Beaudésert; the end of this matter is not yet."

Paul Delpech, stunned, overborne for a while, reassumed, by a violent effort, his previous effrontery, and said, in a sneering tone: "Then, Monsieur, if your post-mortem examination was skillfully conducted, the poudre rosé was but an innocent, harmless powder after all; have it so, if you will—and now, *mon pere*, you and I may as well leave this good company—for a time!"

"Not so fast, if you please; your *intention* may, I repeat, have been evil enough—the poudre rosé you furnished, a poisonous drug: that is quite another question, upon which Madame Claude Simonet here can throw some light."

"Ha! ha! cursed rascals!" shouted Claude; "now look to yourselves."

"*Tais-toi*, Claude," interrupted Lisette; "this is what I have to say. For certain reasons I had come to entertain strong suspicions of Messieurs Delpech; and I said to myself, after receiving, as I did, the packet of poudre rosé, nicely sealed up, from Paul Delpech: 'Lisette, my girl, thou hast persuaded thy unsuspecting young mistress to have secret dealings with two good-for-nothings—if there are any in France—it behooves thee, therefore, as an honest girl, to see no harm comes of it. Who knows what infernal drug this is which they palm off as poudre rosé? Not thou, Lisette; and therefore, to avoid all chance of evil, keep the sealed packet carefully locked up, and when mademoiselle asks thee for the magical poudre rosé, give her instead—well, what think you?—some of her own red *dentifrice*.' Ha! ha! Messieurs les Empoisonneurs, that disarranges your fine plans, does it? And look here, my friends!" added Lisette, foaming over with exultation—"here is your precious packet, unopened, sealed up, just as you gave it me! and I hope, for your sakes, it will be found enough to poison a thousand horses!"

The exclamations that followed this speech must be left to the imagination, as well as Claude's obstreperous curvetings and gesticulations.

"There is nothing in the packet," said the elder Delpech, hoarsely, "nothing but bean-flour. Let us go!"

"That fact must be first ascertained," replied the abbé, "till which time you can not leave the château. And now, dear child, and you, my friends, let us retire, and return God thanks for this great deliverance."

The poudre rosé was nothing but colored bean-flour; the Delpechs were, nevertheless, prosecuted for the conspiracy, and sentenced to severe punishments. Of the further domestic history of the distinguished French family, resident in the south of France, of which the foregoing narrative supplies a hastily sketched episode, I know nothing except from the French journals, wherein I have read of two marriages, and, I think, five births, but not, as yet, one death, having occurred among the descendants of the Beaudéserts.

WINTER NIGHT.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

It is a winter night,
And the stilly earth is white
With the blowing of the lilies of the snow!
Once it was as red
With the roses summer shed,
But the roses fled with summer long ago!

We sang a merry tune,
In the jolly days of June,
And we danced adown the garden in the light:
Now February's come,
And our hearts are dark, and dumb,
As we huddle o'er the embers here to-night!

OUR SPECIAL PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

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PARIS, *January* 13, 1859.

THE weeks come quickly round, but not so quickly as events of interest in this wonderful city, where every day seems to bring something of excitement, even to the most tranquil and humble existence. Rumors of war, discoveries of plots, threats of insurrection—"panic on 'Change because the Emperor said this;" "rise in the funds because the King said that"—each hour brings its quota of hopes and fears, its stimulus to good or evil passions.

It is, no doubt, from this cause that those accustomed to live in Paris find it so difficult to take pleasure in any other abode. This is as remarkable in strangers as in the native born population, who, from the highest to the lowest, look upon all beyond its limits as a vast desert of ennui and discomfort. It is in vain to speak to one of these of life elsewhere as agreeable, or commodious, or luxurious; they will not, perhaps, contradict you, but they will reply with an incredulous shrug of the shoulders, and a "*C'est possible?*" which is even more provoking. They are confirmed in these ideas by the eagerness with which Paris is sought, not only by the "savage" Americans (that, perhaps, they would not think so much of), nor even that Russian princes should, for its attractions, quit their frozen homes and imperfect civilization; but there is Milor Anglais, with his fabulous wealth, his palaces and his parks, his hunters and his hounds, and his hereditary right to share in the government of his country! The Parisian sees all these relinquished for an existence here comparatively less brilliant—often an apartment instead of a mansion—a hired carriage, and three or four servants, in place of a retinue; but, at least, they say "Milor" at Paris can always dine well, hear the best music, see the best acting, and learn the earliest intelligence of those political events which have so much value for all the great European family.

The incident that I mentioned in my last letter, of the Emperor's remark to the Austrian Embassador, has, as you will see, borne much fruit in newspaper articles without end, and in *on dits* of all sorts. The belief in inevitable war is every day gaining ground, and it is a painful one to those who had accustomed themselves to hope that the world had grown too wise for the recurrence of these terrible eventualities. God be with the right! is all we can say—if there is any right in such evident wrong as violence and bloodshed.

To cement this alliance between France and Sardinia there is to be a marriage, and we may say, a victim, since the Princess Clotilde is only fifteen years of age, and her destined husband, Prince Napoleon (commonly called "Plom-Plom"), is thirty years older, and of well-known profligate habits and tastes; and yet, such as he is, he has set out for Turin, to receive this young creature from the King, her father's hand. One pities a highly-descended princess at a parvenu court, where there can be so little in unison with her early ideas, and where what she has been accustomed to regard as an advantage, and (perhaps the only one she possesses over her adopted family) her hereditary right, is one that may not be put forward or considered.

As usual, political agitation only seems to accelerate the impulse for social amusement, and we are now in the full tide of carnival pleasures; and in the various circles of Paris they are dancing and feasting, and, alas! reveling in riot and wantonness.

I have been led, of late particularly, to consider the world around me under this last-named aspect, for, a short time ago, a hearty and heartfelt letter, from an anxious mother, introduced to my acquaintance a young American gentleman, to whom I was entreated to serve as guide and Mentor in the paths and perplexities of this great Babel. I am always sorry to receive such a request, as I know the hopelessness of complying with it in the sense intended. All I can do is to endeavor, by presentation into refined and agreeable society, to neutralize the manifold allurements which vice, in its most subtle spirit, here spreads in the path of the neophyte. It may be thought that an American youth who has passed through a collegiate course at home, or resided, for the same period of time, in any of our large cities, has little to learn of the secrets of vice or temptation; but it is not in *this* that lies the danger; it is not in that initiation into wrong, which seems the portal by which all must enter into the world, but it is the habit of mind induced by seeing all around one, as in Paris, bent upon the pursuit of pleasure, without any apparent recollection of restraint from the precepts of morality and right. It is this that makes the great evil of Paris to *all;* but to the young and pliant of principle it frequently becomes destruction. How often have I witnessed this in the years that I have lived here! And I beg here to warn parents against the infatuation of thus sending their sons from home, in the idea of their gaining the polish and enlightenment of foreign travel, or of pursuing studies for which there is, indeed, here every facility. Alone is wanting the power of resistance to the claims of amusement, the fascinations of wickedness.

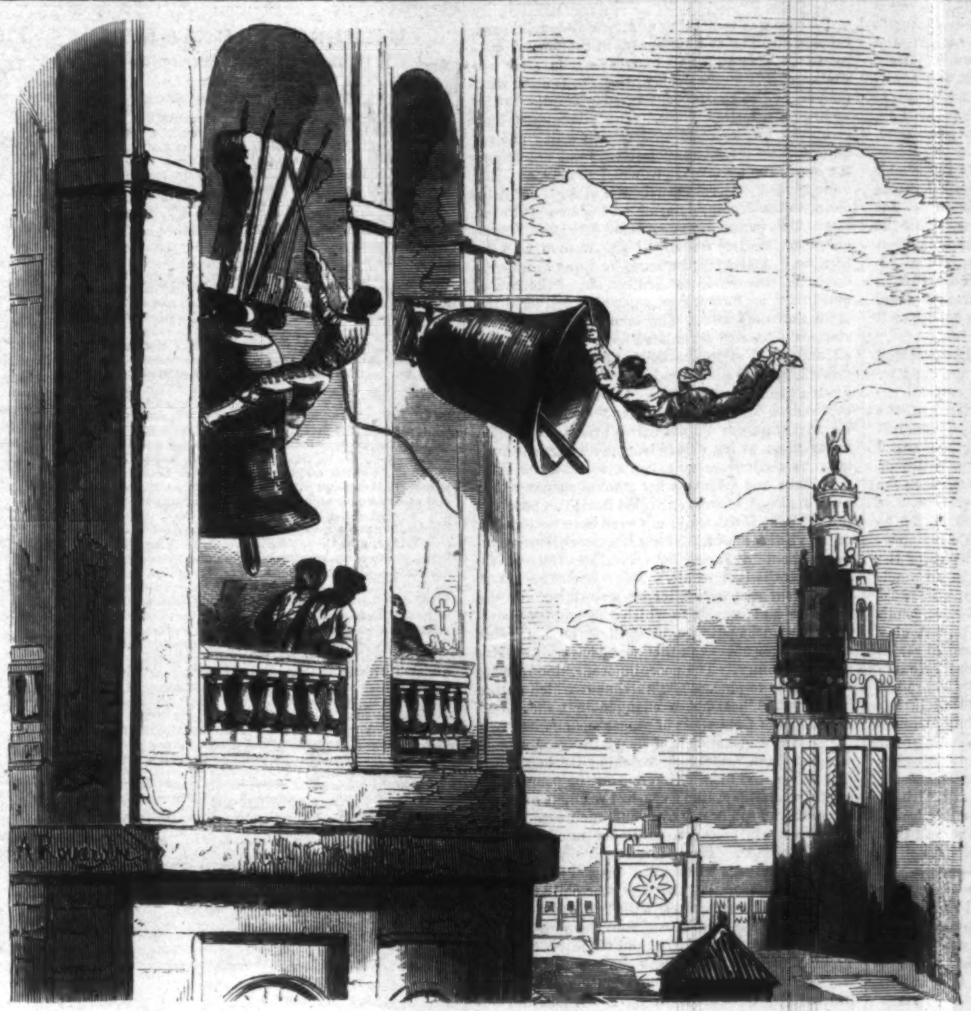
I went immediately to pay a visit, at his hotel, to my young friend, whom I shall call Frank—a name that suits his pleasant, handsome face better than his own. I found a tall, well-made, good-looking fellow of one-and-twenty, unexceptionable in manner and in accent (I mean English accent); and I knew that his liberal parents had allotted, for all his possible wants, a large and even exaggerated allowance. I proposed establishing him at once in comfortable lodgings, where the concierge would wait upon him; and this was soon accomplished. We dined together, and had much conversation, which I endeavored, upon my part, to make as edifying and as full of warning as I thought judicious. The very next evening we went together to the Italian opera, and I pointed out to him all individuals of note and interest, and replied to his eager questions about every body and every thing, delighted to have a companion whose feelings seemed so fresh in their sense of enjoyment. Toward the end of the first act there glided gently into an open vacant box *au premier*, Mademoiselle Julie, a well-known personage—not very young or very handsome, but a marvelously well got up *Julie*—sentimentally dressed all in white, and in her hand a choice and magnificent bouquet of hot-house flowers. An almost imperceptible raising of her eyelids toward the part of the house where we were seated, and the deep blush of pleasure which mantled in Frank's handsome face at her entrance, would have been sufficient for an old observer like myself to have known that Frank had been the donor of opera-box and bouquet to Mademoiselle Julia, even without the confirmatory circumstance of his avoidance of asking me, in her case alone, who was the pretty lady so conspicuous alone in her opera-box? These, it may be, were slight indications, but sufficient to mortify me with the conviction that my young friend had already fallen into the hands of one of the most dangerous and ingenious Jezabels of Paris, and what could I do to prevent this?

I have since introduced Frank into several houses who receive once or twice a week. The amiable Duchesse de R—— gave me that permission; and there he made the acquaintance of Madame de L—— and her daughters, of whom the eldest would be considered beautiful in any country. Fair, with lovely eyes and hair, and exquisite mouth and teeth, Mademoiselle de L—— only has the name and grace of a French girl—which she is, however, on her father's side; but she has been brought up more *à l'Anglaise*, and speaks that language perfectly. Though so charming and attractive she is one-and-twenty, and still Mademoiselle, which is accounted for by her being one of five children, and with little fortune, which alone leads to matrimonial seeking in France.

To accompany Frank I went, too, to the ball last evening at the Tuileries. It was, as usual, very crowded, but an interesting and brilliant scene. The Empress was lovely, in a white tulle dress, of several skirts, simply decorated with bows of ribbon, in green, white, and red—which, I was told, were the colors of Sardinia, and worn in honor of the marriage. This marriage was the subject of discourse and discussion. But I have exhausted my allotted space, and must bid you adieu.

THE BELL-RINGERS OF SEVILLE.

Every one has, at some time or other, witnessed the process of ringing large church-bells in our American cities. The work is generally done with the aid of long ropes depending from the bell or the tongue. In Seville, Spain, it seems the office of a bell-ringer is one of much more peril and adventure: The bell-ringer, as shown in the accompanying illustration, clings to the bell, and is swung by his rope quite out of the belfry into the air. If he lose his hold, he may say his prayers, and they must be short. The bravest bell-ringers are they who can hold on longest and swing the furthest from the bell.

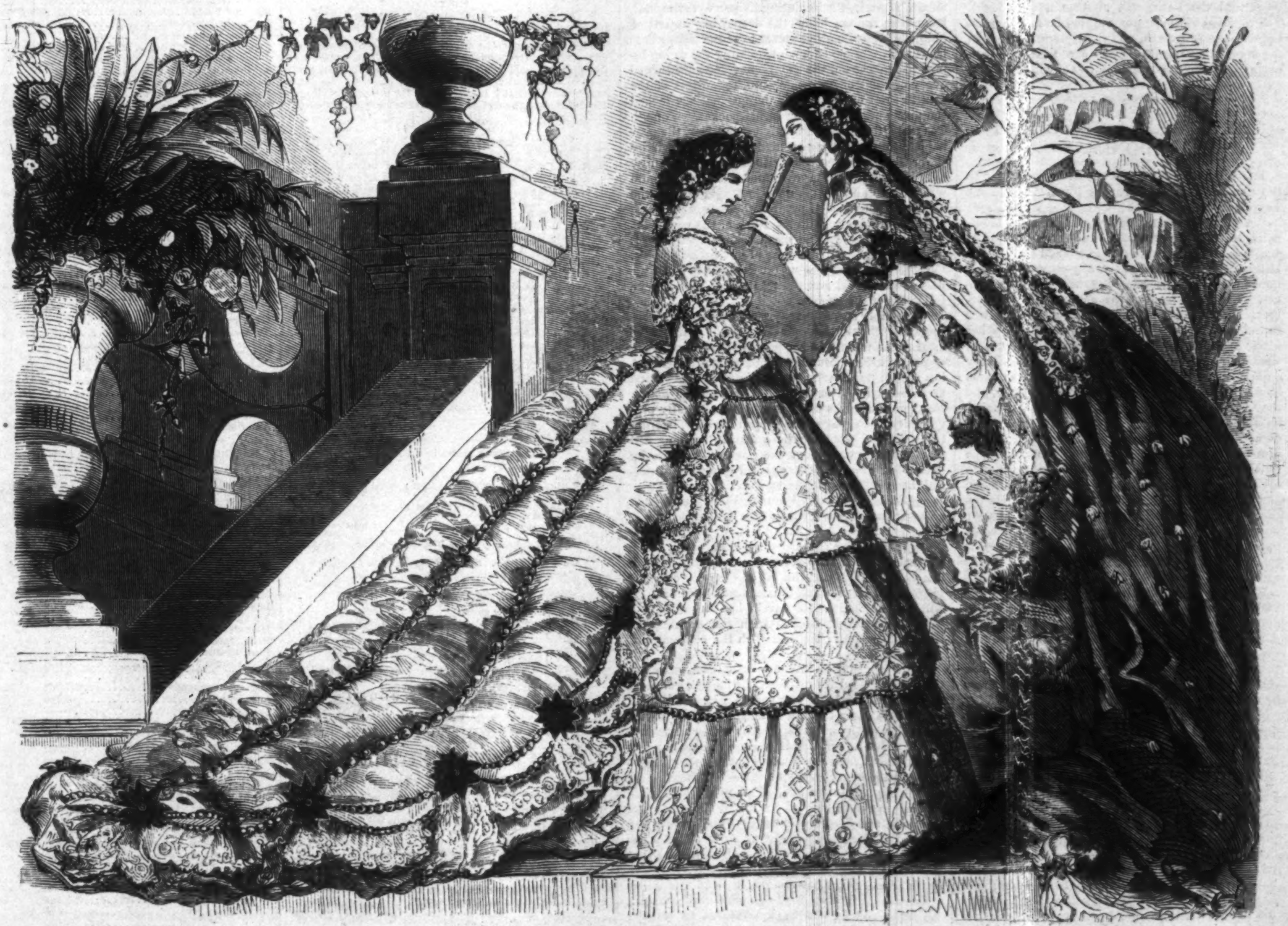


THE BELL-RINGERS OF SEVILLE.

THE WEEKLY FARMER.

FALL AND WINTER MANAGEMENT OF HEAVY SOILS.

Practice has shown the great value of ridging and back-furrowing heavy soils in the fall, to be acted on by the freezings and thawings of winter, and the passage of air through them. While some know the value of this treatment there are many who pay little attention to it. In the interior of the country it is quite usual, particularly in new places, for farmers to have a kitchen garden-patch near the dwelling-house, cut off from a field, perhaps by a mere landmark, not surrounded by a fence on all sides, which might possibly interfere with the use of tools, how good soever for the purposes of cultivation, if drawn by horses or oxen. It is greatly desirable to ridge and back-furrow such soils if of a heavy character. On extensive farms there may be many places naturally adapted to the growing of vegetables, but distance may cause them to be inconvenient. Some soils are so light and blowy as to be injured by fall plowing; these are benefited by being rolled rather than plowed. The application of muck, well prepared by the *salt and lime mixture*, will make them more compact and retentive of manures. The carbonaceous matter of the muck is a great absorbent of gases, and all soluble substances liberated during decay. The growing of a clover crop and plowing it under is another mode of adding carbonaceous matter to the soil, and the rationale of whose action was referred to in our article of last week on *wheat*. In this case time is an important element. It will, therefore, be seen that the source from which carbon is obtained, whether from lowlands or the atmosphere, to be profitable must vary with the facilities for getting muck at small cost, and the value of the land to the farmer for growing special crops. In general farming, if the labor to obtain the muck is large, and that clover as a crop is desirable, the latter will in most cases be best; but the market gardener cultivating a smaller quantity of land, which from an active succession of crops (sold in cities at large prices) knows no rest, could not wait for a clover crop, because during the time necessary for it to grow one or more crops of vegetables of perhaps twenty times more money value could be produced. It would, therefore, be better for him to get carbonaceous matter in the form of muck, river deposits, woods' mould, etc., and treat them with the salt and lime mixture, which has been used to so much advantage in high farming. The owners of light land will do well to consider these hints seriously. The writer speaks from practical knowledge, both as regards mechanical condition and fertility, consequent on the proper application of muck, and the plowing in of clover into soil not already containing enough of carbon. On clay farms the plowing in of long manures will loosen the soil and prevent it from compacting. Thus treated, the air can circulate more freely through it, the freezings and thawings of winter disintegrate the particles, the oxydizing influence of the atmosphere liberates food, which assists the mechanical action of long manures in making it friable, adding to its available fertility, and causing it forever after to be more easily worked. There will be no loss from manures well plowed in, by their elements during decay passing into the atmosphere, because clay, like carbon, has the power of absorbing and retaining the results of decomposition, and of liberating them to plants only. This practice is especially applicable to clay farms not furnished with proper sheds to protect manures, which, by this system, are carted, spread on the soil, and plowed in, thus saving the labor of doing it in early spring, when the preparation of land for other crops is pressing—always bearing in mind the mechanical advantages to the soil, impossibility of loss by wastage, washings by rains, and evapora-



THE NEW COURT FASHIONS AT PARIS.

tion. The carting of much manure in spring to great distances, as in the case of large farms, and stables inconveniently located, unless a farmer have plenty of teams in fine working order, will prevent him from advancing rapidly in sowing and planting. After-treatment, however good, will not compensate for the putting in of crops at a late date. They will not have time to grow.

The foregoing facts must suggest to the reader the advantages to be derived from the ridge and back-furrow system named in the early part of our article. The manure spread broadcast over the surface of the soil will be forced to occupy the centre of Λ shaped ridges, which, by its gradual decay, will cause a continuous alteration of figure in the mass of the ridge, permitting the freezings and thawings to disintegrate and alter the *nature*, as it is technically termed, of the clay.

Any leaching from this manure will be received in the deep furrows alongside, and absorbed by the loose earth at the base of the ridges; all the conditions described will here be availed of, the continued change of figure admitting new quantities of atmosphere to circulate through the cracked surfaces of the ridges; redundant quantities of moisture during heavy rains may pass through the furrow gutters without washing away the pent up manure. In early spring these ridges should be split by a two-way plow, and a simple cross-plowing will then insure a thorough admixture of the manure with the ameliorated soil; such an amelioration will often render a clay soil capable of being used for such purposes as in its former condition it could not have been applied to. A clay loam so treated, from its superior power to retain manures until used by plants, is more valuable than lighter soils; and if in the spring, before the splitting of the ridges, a Mapes's subsoil lifting plow be passed through the intervening furrows, so as to deeply disintegrate the soil, which can not be so well done under any other circumstances, its whole average depth will be materially increased. In some soils this may be done in the fall without disturbing the ridges, and when so done the leaching may be received in the subsoil cuts, and thus a permanent state of fertility to a greater depth be secured.

Those who have made the mistake of summer plowing a clay soil when too wet, and thus injuring its full power of fertility for years by such error, will better understand the advantages to arise from ridging and back furrowing; for after such treatment, thoroughly performed, land will be ready earlier in spring and later in the fall for any manipulation it may require.

Mulching is of great value in winter to many crops, and even on soils not producing any thing. Some farmers practice the sowing of oats with wheat; they are killed by the frost, and act as a mulch, or protection, to the young plants. In the kitchen and fruit garden mulching will protect plants which, in its absence, would with difficulty survive the winter. Pear-trees should not be so treated until they begin to drop their leaves, else the presence of the mulch before the tree goes into the normal state will cause it to take up large quantities of moisture which, if frozen between the wood and the bark, will produce winter-blight. The removal of the summer mulch late in September will arrest growth, and the restoration of it on the appearance of winter will cause early growth in spring, and prevent the injuries of winter-blight.

THE MORTARA STORY OUTDONE.

THE following story has been communicated to the London *Morning Chronicle* by a "Protestant Traveler:"

"A young woman, a native of England, a lady's maid, respectably connected, and having acquired a competent knowledge of the French and Italian languages, was seduced by a young Neapolitan nobleman, under peculiarly atrocious circumstances. For some months the affair remained a secret. Eventually, to hide her disgrace, she was forced to leave her situation, and take up her abode in an obscure part of Naples. In process of time she was delivered of a strong and healthy child. Some of the people residing in the same house informed the police of the circumstance, and they went to the curé of the parish in which her habitation was situated, and told him that a foreigner had been delivered of a child, and invited him to baptize it. The curé sent his vicar, who quickly repaired to the woman's residence, with all the usual attendants, and a rabble of women and children at his heels. The young woman politely declined his assistance, and said that, as she was a Protestant, she naturally wished her child to be baptized by a Protestant minister. The vicar told her that could not be allowed, and that he came with special orders from his superior to make a Christian of the child. Seeing she would not yield, the vicar got angry and made use of hard and unbecoming expressions. On taking leave of her he intimated that she would soon have a visit from the curé and the police. Accordingly, the next day, the curé, accompanied by his vicar, visited the young woman, and persecuted her in like manner on the subject of the baptism of her child, when she indignantly expressed her abhorrence of their oppressive behavior, and declared her steadfast determination not to have it made a Papist of. Again and again the curé demanded, with a sneering, yet inquiring glance, if she would consent to have her child made a Christian. Firmly and steadily, in a mild voice, but with a decision that could not be mistaken, the young woman replied, 'No!' The curé's face became perfectly demoniacal in its expression, as he poured forth a torrent of abuse and invective against the obstinate heretic, as he was pleased to call her; and such was his ungovernable passion that he raised his hand as if to strike, a gesture which she regarded with disdain, as she turned her head from him.

"There was something unutterably horrible and cruel, unfeeling and unmanly, in this brutal outrage on a poor suffering female so soon after her confinement. There she lay almost convulsed with distress, while the blood flushed painfully to the otherwise colorless cheek. The involuntary look of horror, fright, and aversion with which she regarded these ferocious ecclesiastics did not escape the eye of the curé. He frowned fiercely, scolded, and stormed. Involuntarily she clasped her babe closer to her bosom, determined to defend it to the last. This persecution continued fiercer and fiercer every succeeding day; still the woman was inflexible. At length the curé, in a quick, imperative tone, threatened to turn her out of the house, and throw her into prison, unless she delivered the child up to his care. The woman gave a sudden start—she seemed stimulated for a few moments to an unnatural strength—with quivering lips and dilated nostrils she drew herself up, and fixing a glance blazing with rage and scorn on the priest, reproached him for his vile and brutal conduct, informed him she did not fear a prison, and would never yield to his demands. With nervous anxiety she resisted every attempt to take the child from her; and such was her state of suspense that even in sleep her arms encircled it with an unrelaxing clasp, as if she could not even then be beguiled of her vigilant hold. These stormy visits were renewed from day to day for several successive days, and with the like result. The perpetual state of excitement and worry, terror and alarm, and the injustice and cruelty to which she had been subjected, soon began to exhibit in an unmistakable manner their effects on this poor victim of ecclesiastical tyranny. The poor, innocent, unoffending babe began to pine. The nutriment which nature had supplied became so changed that the infant rapidly sank from want of proper sustenance.

"With deep anguish of heart the poor woman saw her babe rapidly approaching its last hour. Her very heart bled within her for the poor suffering thing that lay, like a crushed weed, at her side. A smothered sob or cry ever and anon escaped the poor prostrate creature, until her murmurs died away in silence. The ignorant and bigoted people by whom she was surrounded hurried to the curé, and gave information that the poor child was dying. Associating himself with two other priests, one of them notorious throughout the parish for his utter vileness, debauchery, and cupidity, the curé again obtruded himself into the room of the sick woman, with the fixed determination of performing the rite of baptism by force. Again the woman mildly remonstrated, and said she would send for a Protestant minister to perform the rite. But the priest told her that no Protestant minister could administer baptism in a private house, and even if he did, being a heretic, it would be of no avail.

"From angry words and threats the priests proceeded to violence. With fiendish barbarity the curé seized the woman by the shoulder, and flung her with great force upon the bed. She still clutched her baby to her bosom with all her remaining strength, and as they rudely tore it from her she gave it one wild embrace. The real presence of distress, the imploring human eye, the frail, trembling human hand, the despairing appeal of helpless agony, had no power to move the pitiless hearts of these monsters. Confiding the dying infant to the arms of the *sage femme*, the curé turned every one out of the room, and, regardless of the frantic grief of the poor unhappy mother, locked the door and put the key in his pocket. Though exhausted by suffering, fatigue, and fear, the poor hapless mother, stung to madness and despair by the crushing agonies of her situation, and well-nigh overwhelmed by the avalanche of cruelty and wrong which had fallen upon her, sprang from the bed, and flung herself against the door, screaming 'O my child! my child!' None of the people attracted by this strange scene seemed in the least affected or showed any signs of sympathy or pity. On the contrary, she was called to endure the hisses, the scoffs, and the ribaldry of the besotted followers of the priests.

"Probably stung to remorse, and dreading consequences should the abduction of the child prove fatal to the mother in her present debilitated state, or perhaps some latent spark of humanity remaining within her heart, the *sage femme* hesitated, and then refused to convey the child from the house. Her remonstrances and entreaties eventually prevailed on the savage curé to open the door, in order to pacify the woman, whose frantic screams had attracted a crowd about the house. The victim of this brutal outrage was placed in a state of partial insensibility on the bed; she tried once or twice to speak, her lips moved, but there was no sound; and pointing upward with a look of earnest meaning, she fell back on her pillow, and covered her face. There she lay dropping slow tears, while the priests went through the ceremony of baptizing her child. Was not the lot of the poor creature bitter enough without the last mockery and insult? Well might she say in her anguish, 'My soul is exceedingly filled with the scorning of them that are at ease, and with the contempt of the proud.'

"But the soul of the poor little babe was more than half loosed from its earthly bonds, and died ere the baptismal rite was concluded. And when the people came to take it away, she cast a wild look of anguish and utter despair on her murdered child. But no tears bedewed the mortal remains of her first born—the shock had passed too straight through the heart for cry or tear. Without at all consulting her, it was hurried away and buried according to the fashion of the Papal Church. All the noise and bustle incidental to the removal of the body struck dreamingly on her bewildered ear—and her poor, dumb-stricken heart had neither cry nor tear to show for its utter misery.

"The morning after this tragical and scandalous scene the curé sent in his demand for payment, which, of course, the woman refused to satisfy; but, no way intimidated by her refusal, he sent again next morning and doubled his demand."

CHESS CHRONICLE.

BY C. H. STANLEY.

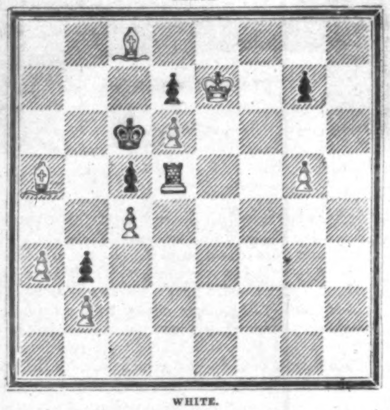
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. P. The report is true that Mr. Morphy has expressed his intention to play twenty games, simultaneously, blindfold; and, too, against that number of as strong men as Paris can produce. Such exploits are quite as incomprehensible to us, perhaps more so, as to the merest Chess tyro. Your suggested solutions, we think, will bear revision.——"GEDREA." Always glad to hear from you. For this week you must excuse more specific attention. Very many correspondents and friends will be pleased to consider this reply as alike applicable to themselves. The fact is, C. H. S. has been seriously indisposed; and, unhappily, as a *double event*, has been engaged in writing a book. THE CHESS-PLAYER'S INSTRUCTOR; OR, GUIDE TO BEGINNERS will be out in a few days, price 25 cents. It is emphatically a work *for the million;* but we doubt if they will all take it.——"NEMO," and some score or so of others. Your attempted solutions of Problem XIV. are all in error. We believe the position, as given, to be perfectly correct; our friends, therefore, had better try again. The above notice will not apply to J. R. J. (Baltimore), C. F., and "JED," all of whom, if we mistake not, have hit the right nail on the head. To J. R. J. we would remark that his letters addressed as last will always meet attention.——S. W. H. (Kingsville). In the event referred to the game is *nil*, and the proper course is to re-set the pieces. All such questions, by-the-way, as this and several others which we this week are called upon to answer, are fully provided for in the Laws of the Game as published in nearly every elementary work.——G. B. (Nashville), and C. T. (Williamsburg). The King can not move to a square commanded by an adverse piece, notwithstanding said piece be pinned by one of your own.——J. M. B. (Lambertville). You may have nine Queens on the board at the same time, *if you can get 'em.*——Dr. R. (Philadelphia). We fear that the Problems referred to have been mislaid. If not too much trouble to send duplicates they shall appear without fail.——J. L. It is a fact that Mr. P. Morphy has offered to play a match with Herr Harrwitz at the odds of Pawn and move; which *cartel*, however, was not accepted. Herr Anderssen appears to consider that he (P. M.) could hold his own at such odds against any player living. Herr A. ought to know. Since the conclusion of their friendly match, Messrs. Anderssen and Morphy have played six more games, of which the former gentleman succeeded in winning but one.

PROBLEM XV.

BY J. G.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and checkmate in four moves.

The following well-contested game is contributed by our clever correspondent "Jacobus." The notes are likewise his, and are decidedly to the point; but, at a glance, we do not see the mate in six moves. We dare say, however, that it is there, and, for the present, leave Mr. Jacobus to the tender mercies of our critical readers:

(*Sicilian Opening.*)

	BLACK ("*Jacobus*")	WHITE (*Mr. B.*)
1.	P to K 4	P to Q B 4
2.	P to Q 4	P takes P
3.	Q takes P (*a*)	Q Kt to B 3
4.	Q to Q sq	P to K 3
5.	Kt to K B 3	P to Q 4
6.	P to K 5	P to K Kt 3
7.	K B to Q 3	B to K Kt 2
8.	Q to K 2	K Kt to K 2
9.	Q Kt to B 3	Castles
10.	Castles	Q to Q B 2
11.	R to K sq	Kt to K B 4
12.	Q B to K B 4 (*b*)	Q to Q Kt 3
13.	K B takes Kt	Q takes Q Kt P
14.	Q Kt takes Q P	K P takes Kt (*c*)
15.	K B takes B	Q R takes B
16.	Q R to Q Kt sq (*d*)	Q takes Q R P
17.	Q R takes Q Kt P	Q to Q R 5 (*e*)
18.	B to K Kt 3	Kt to Q sq
19.	Q R to Q Kt 3	Kt to K 3
20.	P to K R 3 (*f*)	Q R to Q B 5
21.	Q to Q 3	Kt to Q B 4
22.	Q takes Q P	Kt takes R
23.	B P takes Kt	Q takes P
24.	P to K 6 (*g*)	R to Q Kt 5 (*h*)
25.	P takes P (ch)	K R takes P (*i*)

And Black mates in six moves.

NOTES.

(*a*) K Kt to B 3, followed by K B to Q B 4, would perhaps be more attacking.

(*b*) Intending, if White played K Kt to Q 5, to exchange Kts, and move the Q to Q 2.

(*c*) I should have preferred to take the B, and afterward move Q B to K 3.

(*d*) To avoid the *raking* of the B upon the advancement of the K P.

(*e*) Worse than useless. Kt to Q sq was the move.

(*f*) A very necessary move.

(*g*) The winning move. If—

24. Kt to Q 2 — Q to Q Kt 5
25. Q takes R — Q takes Kt

and White has the better game.

(*h*) If— — P takes P
25. Q takes P (ch), followed by Kt to Q 2, winning the R.

(*i*) If—
25. — K to R sq
26. Q takes Q — R takes Q
27. R to K 8 — R to Q Kt 3 (*k*)
28. R takes R (ch) — B takes R
29. B to K 5 (ch), and mates next move.

(*k*) 27. — R to Q Kt 4
28. B to Q 6, winning the R.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

THE other day a Yankee gave a beggar-woman a couple of cents. "Two cents!" exclaimed she; "take them back, Sir; I asked for charity; I can't do any thing with two cents." "My dear Madam," said the polite donor, "I beg you'll keep the cents, and give them to some poor person."

Some of the horse-tamers accomplish wonders. One of them the other day said:

"Why, I've taught my horse to eat at the bench, and eat boiled rice with a silver fork!"

"Impossible!" said his friend; "how could a horse eat rice with a silver fork?"

"Well," was the reply, "I don't mean exactly a silver fork; it was one of those plated ones—$4 a dozen."

Not long since a witness, Jones, was being cross-examined before Judge H——, of Mississippi. The witness was making some broad assertions, when the counsel on the opposite side asked him if he really believed what he said? He replied, "Yes, Sir-*ree*, *Bob!*" Whereupon Judge said, "Mr. Clerk, fine Mr. Jones five dollars for the *ree*, and five for the *Bob*."

A lady being asked the other day why she chose to lead a single life, replied, "Simply because I am not able to support a husband."

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Saturday, Feb.* 5, 1859.

THE week ending to-day has been chiefly marked by unusual activity in the foreign trade of the port, the import entries being quite as large as they used to be during the great expansion of 1857. We are not exporting as much, in consequence of the falling off in the demand for American Breadstuffs abroad; but the importation of foreign goods and merchandize is excessive.

Money is decidedly dearer again. Six per cent. is now the standard minimum rate for the best paper and call loans, and many bankers expect to see the rates shortly advanced to seven. Exchange on England is firm at 109½ @ ¾; at which rates species can be and is regularly exported.

The rise in the value of money has affected injuriously the new loan and other stock securities. The new 5's are selling at 102½ @ ¾, and stocks generally are lower than they were last week. The most active contest of the week was in Pacific Mail, Commodore Vanderbilt having announced an opposition line. The friends of the stock argue that even with an opposition they will continue to make money enough to pay handsome dividends; its enemies contend that the new opposition must be fatal to its success.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, Feb.* 5, 1859.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets have been less active for the leading kinds of Breadstuffs, parties having disagreed about prices....Cotton has been depressed, and prices have favored buyers....Provisions have been more sought after, at, however, irregular rates....Rice has been in lively request, while Coffee, Teas, Sugars, and Molasses have been moderately dealt in....Hides, Leather, Naval Stores, Oils, Tobacco, Wool, Tallow, and Ashes, have been in good demand at buoyant rates....The demand continues quite brisk for desirable styles of Dry Goods of domestic and foreign production. Foreign Dress Goods, especially, are actively inquired for. Prices are generally firm, and some holders are asking rather higher rates for goods, the supplies of which have been very much reduced by heavy sales to early buyers. Well made, attractively-finished Domestic Cottons are of this class. The success of these has been very satisfactory, and very encouraging to manufacturers. The value of the week's imports of Dry Goods has been $3,710,149 against $1,611,628 the same week last year. The imports since January 1 have been $14,286,756 against $4,477,772 same time last year....The movements in other commodities have not been productive of any remarkable changes. We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Unsound State Flour, per bbl.	$4 00	@	$4 65
Superfine to extra State, per barrel	5 20	@	6 00
Superfine to fancy Western, per barrel	5 20	@	5 60
Extra Western, per barrel	5 80	@	8 75
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel	6 25	@	8 00
Extra Canadian, per barrel	6 35	@	7 20
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel	5 75	@	8 50
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl.	3 50	@	4 25
Corn Meal, per barrel	3 70	@	4 25
White Wheat, per bushel	1 37½	@	1 75
Red Wheat, per bushel	85	@	1 40
Mixed Western Corn, per bushel	87	@	88
Rye, per bushel	75	@	85
Barley, per bushel	74	@	1 00
Western Oats, per bushel	61	@	64
State Oats, per bushel	56	@	59
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel	50	@	55
Southern Oats, per bushel	48	@	53
Cotton, middlings, per pound	11¾	@	12¼
Mess Pork, per barrel	18 00	@	18 62½
Prime Pork, per barrel	13 50	@	13 62½
Country Mess Beef, per barrel	8 00	@	9 25
Cut Meats, per pound	6½	@	9½
Lard, per pound	12¼	@	12½
State Butter, per pound	16	@	26
Western Butter, per pound	12	@	19
Cheese, per pound	8½	@	11
Rice, per 100 pounds	3 25	@	4 25
Rio Coffee, per pound	10	@	12½
Cuba Sugar, per pound	6	@	7½
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	20	@	27
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	6½	@	8½
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	40	@	42
Hyson Teas, per pound	25	@	55
Oolong Teas, per pound	26	@	55
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	28½	@	29
Hops, new, per pound	10	@	18
Hops, per pound, 1857	2	@	6
Hay, per 100 pounds	70	@	95
Tallow, per pound	11½	@	11¾
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	3 70	@	3 75
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	49½	@	50
Tar, per barrel	2 25	@	2 75
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds	1 75	@	1 80
Linseed Oil, per gallon	70	@	71
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound	6	@	14
Seed Leaf Tobacco	6	@	25
American Fleece Wool, per pound	36	@	56
" Pulled Wool	32	@	45

Freights continued very quiet, and quotations were unsettled. The total number of vessels of all classes in port is 555.

Stocks of several Articles in New York about Feb. 1.

	1858.	1859.
Ashes, barrels	2,100	1,827
Coffee, packages	91,979	76,815
Cotton, bales	10,020	66,586
Dyewoods, tons	4,049	3,641
Hemp, bales	20,460	24,315
Hemp, tons	550	345
Hides, number	334,683	101,417
Leather, Sole, sides	340,950	66,500
Molasses, hogsheads	1,075	2,895
Molasses, tierces and barrels	1,811	1,038
Pork, barrels	9,992	77,283
Beef, tierces and barrels	27,723	66,911
Rice, tierces	6,534	3,219
Rice, bags	4,629	——
Sugars, hogsheads	7,962	8,450
Sugars, boxes	4,760	8,691
Sugars, bags	——	3,840
Tobacco, Crude, hogsheads	3,967	8,590
Tobacco, Crude, bales	7,480	10,871
Crude Turpentine, barrels	——	6,000
Spirits Turpentine, barrels	——	6,760

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were generally better supplied. Beeves were in fair demand at a slight improvement in prices....Milch Cows were in limited request....Veal Calves were pretty freely purchased at firm rates....Sheep and Lambs attracted more attention, and were a shade dearer....Swine were in good demand and closed higher....The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compare as follows;

	Week ending *Jan.* 26.	Week ending *Feb.* 2.
Beeves	2,840	2,958
Milch Cows	175	191
Veal Calves	383	441
Sheep and Lambs	5,577	6,490
Swine	7,225	6,853

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to Premium Beeves, per pound..	$ 7	@	$ 11½
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head.	25 00	@	65 00
Veal Calves, per pound	5	@	8
Sheep and Lambs, per head	2 50	@	7 50
" " per pound	4	@	7
Live Swine, per pound	4½	@	6½
Dressed " "	7½	@	8½
Roasting Pigs, each	1 00	@	2 00

The Country Produce Markets were generally well supplied with Vegetables and Poultry. Game was less freely offered. Cheese was in brisk request. Eggs attracted more attention.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, new, per barrel	$2 50	@	$ 5 00
Chestnuts, per bushel	2 50	@	3 50
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	2 00	@	2 50
Potatoes, per barrel	75	@	2 25
Potatoes, sweet, per barrel	2 50	@	4 00
Onions, per barrel	3 00	@	4 00
Turnips, per barrel	75	@	87½
Beets, per barrel	1 25	@	1 50
Carrots, per barrel	87	@	1 25
Cabbage, per 100	3 00	@	6 50
Cranberries, per barrel	5 00	@	16 00
Celery, table, per dozen bunches	75	@	1 00
Celery, Soup, per dozen bunches	15	@	20
Garlic, per 100 bunches	5 00	@	6 00
Parsley, per 100 bunches	1 25	@	2 00
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	20½	@	21
Eggs, Western, limed, per dozen	12½	@	15
Chickens, per pair	40	@	62½
Fowls, per pound	7	@	10
Fowls, per pair	40	@	70
Geese, per pound	7	@	11
Turkeys, per pound	7	@	12½
Wild Turkeys, each	2 00	@	3 00
Ducks, per pound	11	@	15
" black, per pair	50	@	62
" widgeon, per pair	50	@	62
" wood, per pair	50	@	—
Pigeons, per dozen	1 50	@	1 75
Woodcock, per dozen	3 00	@	3 50
Partridge, per pair	75	@	87½
Prarie Hens, per pair	75	@	1 00
Plover, per dozen	1 75	@	2 00
Rabbits, per pair	25	@	37
Squirrels, each	3	@	5
Venison, per pound	6	@	10
Bear's Meat, per pound	10	@	14

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